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The Week

A YEAR ago Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Injustice is not buried with its victims, and brutal indifference to the opinion of mankind will have its reckoning. The Fullers and the Lowells must either be vindicated by proof of their rightness, which they themselves never furnished, or public opinion in Massachusetts must, for the sake of its spiritual health, undergo a change about the whole affair. Time has not fortified the conclusions of President Lowell, nor put reason behind Governor Fuller's decree of death. On the contrary, during the year several events have strengthened doubts about the dogmatism which moved Governor Fuller and President Lowell, and thereby deepened the disquietude over their irrevocable decision. The Judicial Council of Massachusetts—an authoritative voice of law reform—based its demand for a broader scope of judicial review in capital cases, for Massachusetts, on the unfairness of entrusting the issue of life and death, for all practical purposes, to a single judge like Webster Thayer. The year revealed several striking new instances of the fallibility of human testimony, especially in a "department so notoriously delicate as proof of identity," and thereby again emphasized the duty of restraint in taking life on the strength of tenuous identification. Doubtless as a reflex of the Sacco-Vanzetti affair, British agitation secured freedom for Oscar Slater, and now the Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal has set aside Slater's conviction, nearly twenty years after he had been condemned to death for murder and had served in commutation a "life" sentence of imprisonment. The demonstration of such grievous error, despite the admirable system of British justice, might shake the self-complacency even of Alvan Fuller and Lawrence Lowell. That opinion outside of Massachusetts realizes the moral implications of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is refreshingly shown by the sponsorship of the publication of the record by the group of lawyers led by Elihu Root. Plainly, for them the case was not closed by the Lowell report nor by the death of the two Italians. So long as the doubts and the disquietude which their execution rightly stirred in the civilized world are not removed, the memory of their death must be kept alive.

THE part of Governor Smith's acceptance speech which will receive most comment is, of course, the passage on prohibition, in which he said two familiar things and one that, coming from him, is new. First of all, he announced that if elected President he will do his best to see that the law is enforced. While he could hardly have promised anything else, it remains true that enforcement is not directly the concern of the President. On that score his responsibility does not go beyond the four walls of the White House itself, and it may be taken for granted that, whoever is elected, there is no likelihood that President Harding will be imitated in his inexcusable betrayal of that responsibility. As for constructive suggestions, the Governor returns to the idea that Congress should set a scien-

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tific standard for intoxicating liquor, and let each state determine the content permissible within its borders, provided of course that the federal limitation were not exceeded. But if Congress set a limit which really permitted intoxicating beverages, it would indulge in a piece of unparalleled hypocrisy; and if the limit were low enough to exclude "light wines and beer," those who now break the law would certainly continue to do so. The new suggestion which Governor Smith makes is that each commonwealth should manufacture and sell liquor for its own citizens, all interstate commerce being strictly forbidden. As in Canada, the state would sell its goods in bulk, to be consumed elsewhere, and there would be no return to the saloon. While Governor Smith is not merely courageous, but audacious, to make such a proposal, it has no political reality. As the New Republic pointed out last week, 4,500,000 persons, or about 2,250,000 voters, scattered in thirteen sparsely populated western states, can prevent repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment; and there are more than that number of states in which a majority is certain to oppose any change for many years to come.

NO PART of the speech is more welcome than the vigorous criticism of the Republican policy in Latin South America, and Governor Smith's promise of a new attitude if he is elected. When he attacks the practice of having the President "enter into agreements for the settlement of internal disputes in Latin-American countries, unless the agreements have been consented to by the Senate as provided for in the Constitution," he puts his finger on one of the worst of our present policies. His promise that he would take whatever future steps might be necessary under the Monroe Doctrine only after entering into the fullest discussion with Latin America would sacrifice no essential interest of this country and would do much to inaugurate a new era of good will. Even more important and welcome is his flat statement that our citizens should not be regarded as a part of the national domain when abroad, since we should resent similar action on the part of any European power regarding its nationals domiciled in our own territory. No reformation is more urgently needed than the one he here proposes; put into effect, it would at one stroke take much of the poison out of our present relations with Mexico and other Latin-American countries.

NEXT to prohibition and farm relief, the most important issue of the campaign is power; in the long life of the nation it is likely to bulk much greater than prohibition itself. Governor Smith's position on this issue to date is far in advance of Herbert Hoover's, both in clarity and in honest common sense. Mr. Hoover, in his 300 words on Boulder Dam, said he wanted as high a dam as the engineers would recommend, and wanted the interests of all the states concerned to be preserved. This means little except that Mr. Hoover has ranged himself on the side of those who want to develop the site for power as well as for flood control, while the latest device of the power lobby to kill government ownership in the project has been to recommend a dam for flood control only. But Mr. Hoover has not touched the question of government ownership directly, nor has he clarified himself on Muscle Shoals and the St. Lawrence. Al Smith, on the other hand, could be no more explicit, so far as he goes. He condemns the improper propaganda of the utilities in attempting to get control of public water powers. He declares for public ownership and control of both the sites and the power plants to develop these waterways. He declares for contracts with the distributing companies which shall retain for the public "the right to provide fair and reasonable rates and the similar right to insist upon fair and equal distribution of power." This is a hopeful substitute for the weaknesses of regulation by commission. And he says, "Under no circumstances should private monopoly be permitted to capitalize for rate-making purposes water power sites that are the property of the people themselves." All in all, Senator Norris himself could hardly add a desirable policy to this water-power program.

IN ORDER thus to develop the Colorado River (in which the Boulder Dam project would be located) Mr. Smith comes out for a Colorado River Authority, resting on an interstate treaty among the seven states concerned. This is contrary to the theory of the Swing-Johnson Bill, which assumes that the federal government has the right to develop the water power. The pressure for the plan of federal development has arisen from the fact that so far the states have contentiously failed to agree, while inaction constantly increases the flood menace and the drought menace to the Imperial Valley—dangers which it is one of the purposes of the project to eliminate. Will not continued dissension among the states prevent any development of the river power just as effectually as the opposition of the power trust itself? As a matter of fact, there is a strong probability that the power interests have used several of the state authorities for just this purpose. On the other hand, it must be said that even if the Swing-Johnson Bill were passed, action might be indefinitely delayed by legal measures undertaken by dissatisfied states like Arizona. Mr. Smith's plan is substantially the same as that urged by Representative Davenport of New York (Progressive Republican) who is an intelligent student of the subject. It may be that under a federal administration concerned to fight aggressively against predatory power interests, the states could more readily be brought to agreement. At any rate, the federal government would have to ratify any treaty made by the states, and Smith might thus prevent harmful action.

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NOTHING shrewder—and at the same time sounder—has yet appeared in the campaign than the way in which Governor Smith handled the Coolidge economy issue in his speech of acceptance. By coupling it with the project of reorganization of government bureaus, he shows that he understands what economy really means. The Republican administration has made little progress in reducing expenditures except by deflating war agencies and reducing the burden of the national debt. Appropriations have actually increased since Mr. Coolidge took office, in spite of the cheese-paring efforts "such as eliminating stripes from mail bags and extinguishing electric lights in the offices at night." Meanwhile, the promise of the Republicans to reorganize the Departments on a more efficient basis has remained unredeemed for eight years. By contrast Governor Smith carried through, against determined opposition, a thorough reorganization of the state government in New York. The Governor also shows his understanding of finance and public business when he points out that by keeping inadequate post office facilities, paying millions in rent instead of building on land already owned, and housing the army indecently, the government is actually wasting large amounts of money in order to appear economical. It is a refreshing relief from the buncombe which has held sway over popular opinion so long to be promised "the real economy which comes from prudent expenditure."

ON AGRICULTURE, Mr. Smith adds little to what he has previously said except to show his understanding of the economic principles on which the McNary-Haugen Bill is based, and his revolt against the injustice of an administration which vetoed that bill on the ground that it conferred special privileges on agriculture, though special privileges had long been conferred upon industrial interests. The task of devising the best machinery to carry out the purposes of this measure he leaves to experts. On the tariff, he turns to a rehabilitation of the existing tariff commission, which Coolidge has debauched by political appointments, as a desirable substitute for tariff-making by the old and noisome method of congressional log-rolling. This is far in advance of Mr. Hoover's tariff policy. His few words on collective bargaining, the injunction, and unemployment, though they outline no specific measures, indicate that he means business. If he did not, he would scarcely refer with approval to the minority opinion of Supreme Court Justices Brandeis and Holmes in the Bedford cut stone case, which condemned the federal injunction which was at issue as a reminder of "involuntary servitude." Nor would he mention the work of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, which has prepared a carefully worded bill, meeting the approval of labor, restricting the use of the injunction. Nor would he endorse the estimate that unemployment has touched four million.

GOVERNOR SMITH has ended the controversy with William Allen White in a way which leaves that unhappy gentleman looking very silly indeed. While no one can utter an authoritative judgment on the merits of the controversy between them, without putting in weeks of time on an independent historical survey, the Governor's statement in his own defense makes a plausible case and will undoubtedly be accepted by the public as conclusive. The force of Mr. White's contentions was greatly weakened by the inept way in which he made charges, accompanied by no proof whatever, then announced that he had some proof but had locked it up, then withdrew part of his accusations, subsequently withdrew the withdrawal, and then withdrew the withdrawal of the withdrawal. It is well known that, during his early years in the Assembly, Governor Smith acted in general as a loyal Tammany man and usually voted the way the organization wanted him to. It might be added that at a comparable period in his own life Old Bill White was the most hidebound reactionary Republican on whom the Kansas breezes ever blew. The important thing, after all, is not how Governor Smith voted twenty years ago, but what are his character and abilities in 1928. No one who has studied his career believes that he is anything but steadfastly honest and conscientious in the discharge of the duties which confront him.

IN last week's New Republic our Washington correspondent urged President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia to speak out on the question of Mr. Hoover's candidacy, Dr. Butler being notoriously wet and the candidate unflinchingly dry. On Monday of this week Dr. Butler spoke out—in part. He denounced Mr. Hoover for demanding law enforcement, and also as an advocate of big navies. These questions, he said, were two of the three chief issues in this year's campaign. Yet Dr. Butler did not say that he would not vote for Mr. Hoover, nor did he say that he would vote for Governor Smith, whom he is known to admire, and who shares his views as to the two issues mentioned. He contents himself with the statement "if this be treason—make the most of it." We invite Dr. Butler to answer these categorical questions: "Do you intend to vote for Governor Smith? If not, why not?"

AN IMPORTANT section of the British Liberal press continues to attack the manner in which the Baldwin government has accepted the Kellogg pact. It is argued that the emphasis which has been put upon the right of every country to wage "defensive" war means a step backward in the history of the peace movement. Instead of "closing the gap in the League Covenant" as the treaty was at first supposed to do, it is now seen as weakening the League's usefulness for peace. Under the Covenant, no resort to arms is permitted under any cir-

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cumstances until the Council has tried to settle the dispute by pacific means and has failed. Is this rule still to hold? Or will the nations in future resort to force, announcing, as always, that they are fighting in self-defense, and pointing to the Kellogg treaty to justify them? The other point of criticism is the assumption of Sir Austen Chamberlain that the United States intends to make a reservation regarding the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Kellogg has never said or written a word to justify this supposition, and when the British made it in their first note, he pointedly ignored the subject in his reply. The reason for the assumption was, of course, to make the British reservations as to freedom of action in certain unnamed parts of the world seem less unpalatable. But there is obviously a grave danger here. Great Britain makes serious reservations to the proposed compact, reservations which greatly alter its character and, taken with those of the French, almost destroy its value. These reservations are put forth on the stated supposition that the United States intends to make counter-reservations of her own. But this assumption is a gratuitous one without any justification in fact. Such a chain of events certainly will not be overlooked by the watchful eyes of the Senate when the time comes to ratify or reject it. They will add to the difficulties which were already serious enough. This hesitation will be increased by the mystery of the Anglo-French naval conversations. If there is an agreement, its terms should be made public at once; if there is none, that fact ought to be stated in a way to carry conviction to a world which is growing increasingly uneasy at what looks to be a return to the worst practices of the old diplomacy.

The Quality of Al Smith

ACCORDING to his more intelligent friends, the quality in Governor Smith which distinguishes him among American party politicians is the reality of his political personality. It is not easy to translate the meaning of this phrase into more explicit language. The sympathetic understanding of it is more a matter of catching an emotional perception of the whole man than of analyzing his conduct and career. But it must mean at least the combination in him of integrity of character with adaptability of behavior. His integrity protects him from the inflation of his political pleading with windy pretensions, while his adaptability enables him to carry on with a sound conscience a close correspondence between his political objects and his means of accomplishing them. He is to the American political manner born. He is not the lawyer in politics or the scholar in politics or the engineer in politics or the business man in politics or the reformer in politics. He is the politician in politics. He was literally raised as the member of an essentially but not very reputably political sect. His career has been exclusively a matter of practical politics, and his education has depended on his career. Yet he has remained a thoroughly honest man who is refreshingly free from the besetting failings of ordinary professional politicians, which are cynicism, demagogy, tall but empty talk, equivocation and a lack both of scruples and convictions. His career as Governor and Democratic political leader in New York has exhibited a political integrity of this kind, to which the more intellectually educated Hoovers, Hugheses, Roosevelts and Wilsons do not attain. If he is capable of keeping it alive and growing as presidential candidate and President, he will deserve the gratitude and support of American citizens who would like to see increased the honor and the credit of practical politics in the United States.

The speech in which he has accepted the nomination of the Democratic party for the presidency is, more than anything else, a somewhat unexpected vindication of the reality of his personality as a national political leader. Hitherto he has, in our opinion, faltered and stuttered in playing the difficult part of presidential candidate. His faltering and stuttering may have been born of a natural diffidence and prudence while he was adjusting himself to his new surroundings or to an inability on his part to stretch his mind until it could embrace the whole nation and its needs. His speech of acceptance has put these doubts to bed and asleep. It is not free from hesitations and equivocations, but whenever they occur, there is some excuse for them. They concern extremely difficult and controverted subjects, which, no matter how he treated them, involved a certain loss. For the most part it is not only a caustic and well informed criticism of the Coolidge record, and a shrewd, tactful and statesmanlike sketch of economic and political policy, but it is also a wise and courageous affirmation of general political outlook. It stamps the author as a man with breadth and balance of mind, who is capable of seizing and putting together the several immediately essential aspects of an available progressive program. He is much more emancipated than his rival from party and personal liabilities which warp his utterances, cloud his understanding and cramp his style. He has made his formal entrance on the national political stage with address, with dignity, with self-confidence and with a final assertion of sincerity into which he somehow infused his body and mind.

Our Washington correspondent, writing in advance of its delivery, predicts in another column that Governor Smith's speech of acceptance will be a sterile document which would do nothing to change people's minds. Perhaps after he hears or reads the speech itself he will in this respect have found his own mind changed. In our opinion, Governor Smith has begun in his speech to bind together the different strands of an effective opposition to Republicanism. If he intelligently and vig-

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orously follows up his own lead, he will attract to himself hundreds of thousands of votes which otherwise might easily have flocked to his opponent. The United States contains at present an unusually large number of really hesitating voters. Most of them drifted to Coolidge four years ago, and unless they are weaned away, they will from inertia prefer Hoover on election day in November. Al Smith, after a long, perhaps a too long, delay, has pieced together a program and focused it in a public personal attitude which may, at least for the coming election, tempt them away from Republicanism. He has seized every advantage of his own strength and of Republican weakness. His handling of prohibition will clinch for him the support of the large floating wet vote, much of it Republican, and may well enable him to carry the industrial states of the East in which his particular following is supposed to reside. He will, of course, lose votes in the South and the West by his frank anti-prohibitionism, but he has provided ways of compensating himself for the loss. He has put up a spirited, ingenious and effective, although far from unequivocal, plea for the support of the discontented farming vote in the West. While the agrarian malcontents will not go over to him in a body, he will win a larger number of Republican votes in the West than Hoover will Democratic votes in the South. Of more permanent importance is the fact that his speech disregards the Democratic platform and commits the Democratic party under his leadership to an attitude towards economic problems which is sharply contrasted with that of the Republican party. Conspicuously and unequivocally he appeals for the vote of those progressives who are not content to leave unchallenged the existing power of the great American plutocracy. He associates himself explicitly with the work of liberation which Roosevelt, La Follette and Wilson, each in his own and in different ways, tried to accomplish. He accuses the Republican party of assuming that "a material prosperity, the very existence of which is challenged, is an excuse for political inequality. It makes the concern of government not people but material things"—dollars and not men.

He issues this challenge to Republicanism, as we have said, conspicuously and unequivocally, but not in a bitter, bellicose or alarmist spirit. He is keenly conscious of the danger to his own success of supplying Republican propaganda with a plausible excuse for accusing him of indifference to prosperity or of enmity to business. He does not advocate any concrete proposals which business men would have reason to fear. Progressives who vote for him will have to accept his assurance of sympathy with their objects without any confirmation from him by way of a program of economic progressivism. They should fully understand that Governor Smith is no crusader in the progressive cause. He does not propose to distribute among less enfranchised groups of the American people some of the power which is now exercised by organized business. They should take account of these limitations of his progressivism, but they need not be discouraged thereby. The American public is not attuned at present to the preaching of crusades. If Governor Smith became specific, abusive and aggressive in an anti-plutocratic campaign, he would for the present play into the hands of Herbert Hoover and the Republicans. The time has not yet come for again challenging by political agitation the power of the American plutocracy. Meanwhile, however, it is encouraging to have the Democratic candidate for the presidency so conspicuously and so definitely announce even a mild verbal dissent from the alleged divinity of its rule. For many years the Democratic party has concealed its actual practice of behaving as the accomplice of Republicanism under the pretense of a formal wordy opposition. Governor Smith is willing, if possible, to restore it to the tradition of its better leaders and to its proper function as the opponent of class rule. He may be able, and he certainly will be forced, if he is elected, to move in this direction. He is entitled in this as in other respects to full credit for sincerity.

We are far from claiming that Al Smith is inviting the American electorate to vote for a cause or to enter under his leadership upon a social conflict. He instinctively shies away from identifying himself with an irrevocable attitude toward any one contentious issue. That is one reason why, no doubt, he has avoided the association of his career in national politics exclusively with anti-prohibitionist propaganda. He will not allow his political personality to be circumscribed by the limits of a single issue, a single party or a single formula. Unlike the enormous majority of ardent Democrats, he has expressed himself in his speech of acceptance with balance and good sense about anti-federalism and the sacred but ambiguous principles of Thomas Jefferson. He is asking the American people to elect him not as an enemy of prohibition or as a hater of plutocracy or as a friend of the farmer and wage-earner or as a Jeffersonian enthusiast or as a true-blue Democrat, but as a realistic, many-sided, poised and dynamic politician. He is asking for a vote of confidence in the sufficiency, for the needs of America of today, of his political personality. Of course, he cannot urge this plea in so many words, for as yet he has not proved his capacity as a national political leader. But it is implicit in his speech of acceptance. He proclaims himself in effect to be a valid politician who is an expert in the art of helping his fellow citizens to live together with mutual advantage in a democratic community.

The word politician is for the most part a term of reproach in the American vocabulary. It has meant a man whose business it was to recruit votes by any effective methods, but usually by more or

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less chicane. It ought to mean a man who is an expert in giving form and substance to a democratic state. It would be a fine achievement on Al Smith's part if he could, by the example of his own behavior, associate professional politics in America with something of this better meaning. He unquestionably has the disposition to do so and he has in part the ability. He is capable not merely of putting together and pruning down constructive programs, but of creating popular interest in them. He is justly proud of his "direct contact with the people," and he proposes to continue it not only during the campaign, but, if elected, in the conduct of the nation's affairs. We hope that he will succeed. He has at least some of the makings inside of his mind of the stuff out of which a genuine democracy can be built.

Consolidation—of Railroads or of Profits?

THOUGH railroad consolidation has not been discussed in detail by either of the presidential candidates, and is not likely to become a campaign issue, action concerning it will probably be one of the most important economic events during the next administration. It is therefore worth while to comment on a curious, and in some respects a menacing, development of the movement.

Some months ago, the New Republic carried an editorial on the proposed consolidation, under Mr. Loree's auspices, of three railroads in the Southwest: the Kansas City Southern, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, and the St. Louis Southwestern. This consolidation was not contemplated under the tentative plan prepared by experts for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and there are certain strong economic reasons to be urged against it. But chief among the reasons which caused the Commission to refuse the application for merger was the manner (brought out by the argument of minority stockholders in the St. Louis Southwestern) in which it had been approached. Mr. Loree and the banking interests behind him had, through their control of the Kansas City Southern, acquired a controlling stock interest in the roads to be merged, before making the application and, of course, before decision on the application was reached. The roads are, in large measure, competitive. For one railroad to acquire control of a competitor is unlawful under the Clayton Act. The consolidation provisions of the Transportation Act legalize the combination of competing railroads only in such cases as the Interstate Commerce Commission may approve. Thus it appeared that the Kansas City Southern had violated the Clayton Act. This violation was not merely reprehensible technically, it was decidedly contrary to public policy. The minority stockholders of the St. Louis Southwestern stated that the foreign control of their road had diminished its traffic and injured it in other ways. They were prevented from receiving fair treatment in the consolidation. Still more important, if advance acquisition of control were permitted, those planning a proposed merger were in a position to deal profitably in the stocks of the railroads concerned, and hence the motive for the proposal of consolidations was more likely to be private profit than sound transportation policy in the public interest.

It has since appeared that there was ample justification for the fear which prompted this action by the Commission. Testimony before it has brought out that a special committee of the Kansas City Southern was appointed by Mr. Loree, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, September 25, 1924, to acquire stock in railroads. On November 6 and 7, Mr. Loree purchased for his own account 14,000 shares of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas. On November 11, the Kansas City Southern itself began purchasing Missouri-Kansas-Texas stock, acquiring 350,000 shares in all. Naturally the price of the stock went up during the process. And, on the way up, Mr. Loree sold his shares, making a total profit of over $144,000. Not only did Mr. Loree appear thus to have used his inside information to make money at the expense of the railroad for which he occupied a position of trust, but the bankers, Ladenburg, Thalman and Company, and Kuhn Loeb and Company, also did so, purchasing stock for their own account while the accumulation was going on, and thus making unrecorded profits. It is usually contended that the relationship of a banking firm toward a railroad whose banking business it handles is a fiduciary one, and that the railroad benefits more from such a relationship than it would by allowing its security issues to be handled through competitive bidding. This incident throws a white light on the contention. Even the Wall Street Journal has condemned Mr. Loree for his part in the transaction. The public and the Interstate Commerce Commission ought not to overlook the bankers' part in it.

Not long after this application for consolidation had been turned down, a new application was submitted to merge the same three roads, only this time the Missouri-Kansas-Texas, instead of the Kansas City Southern, was to do the swallowing. The hearing had not been held on the complaint of violation of the Clayton Act. The Kansas City Southern has not divested itself of the stock of the St. Louis Southwestern in any manner which can be regarded as a genuine and legal divestment. It sold a large number of shares to Messrs. Ladenburg, Thalman and Company and the National City Company, whose relations with the railroad are close, subject to the right of its own stockholders to subscribe for the stock at a fixed price. This action obviously might permit a means of retaining control of the stock in substantially the same hands. Thus the same sort of possibilities

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for private profit which existed before the original application was denied still exists, under the new application.

By some strange mischance, the Interstate Commerce Commission has set for the same day the hearing on the violation of the Clayton Act and the hearing on the new merger application. One would have thought that the Commission, in order to be consistent in its protection of the public interest, would have refused to listen to any new application until it had satisfied itself that all stock-jobbing opportunities had been made impossible. But the Commission is busy and overburdened, it is buried in hearings and statistics while the dealers in railroads make hay.

That the chances for private profit in this transaction are relatively minor compared with those of major consolidation activities is clear upon reflection that the Pennsylvania Railroad has recently bought $63,000,000 worth of Wabash and Lehigh Valley stock from the Delaware and Hudson (Mr. Loree's road) at a profit to that road, according to the newspapers, of $20,000,000, and has also bought $43,000,000 worth of stock of the same roads in the open market. When insiders and bankers have advance knowledge that over $100,000,000 of railroad stock is about to change hands, the knowledge is likely to be put to use.

Consolidation was not written into the Transportation Act for purposes such as these. It was put there on account of its supposed advantages to the public, through the benefit it was expected to confer upon railroad efficiency and credit. If we are to have consolidation at all, we ought not to wait much longer while the big railroad proprietors move their counters back and forth. At this rate, consolidation in its conception and results is not likely to enhance the prestige of private railroad ownership and operation.

The Esthetics of Tennis

WE still speak of a ranking tennis player as an amateur, but in the same oblique manner in which we hail Dr. Straton as a Christian. The designation in each case is understood ironically by a generation which has been brought up among the grinning euphemisms of dead ideals. Gone, and apparently gone forever, are the days of Whitman, Ward and Wright; the Newport Casino, once the sanctum of American tennis, is now only the scene of a second-rate invitation tournament; the Davis Cup challenge round was played this year on clay.

As it becomes less and less possible for a player to attain to the first rank unless he makes it his business, and plays all the year round, a new type of player, unknown to Sea Bright and Newport in their palmy days, is with us, and in greater numbers every year—the professional amateur. He it is who wins all the major tournaments, and is runner-up, too; he collects the silver trophies; he is now one of our "unofficial ambassadors"; he plays on the Davis Cup teams. If you have watched any first-class tennis in the past five years, you have seen him in all his various guises. You have noticed his elaborately careless swagger on to the court; his quick glance around the stands to see if there is a "good house"; the bored indifference of his warming-up rally; have listened to his sprightly chaff at the expense of his double across the net; may have overheard other remarks in the heat of the fray that were not (this time) meant for your ears. You have watched, with amazement, envy, and finally pure joy, the technical brilliance of his play, and may have wondered how he has ever found the time to bring his game to such a pitch of skill. You may even—but heaven forbid—have heard his modesty in the locker room, or what is even worse, put him up for dinner and the night.

The economics of this professional amateur is a subject about which much has been said, and it is sufficiently mysterious to give rise to all kinds of speculation. We shall not concern ourselves here with so dark a question. Sufficient to our mind is the ordinary player and his strange passion for the game—a passion whose motives, to golfers and such people, must seem impossible to fathom, though they must often give rise to wonder. The antics of this ordinary player, as he attempts to flail an elusive and lively ball back and forth across a net, are generally neither graceful nor do they serve any apparently useful purpose. Why does he play at all? You see paunchy old men, anchored to the ground by a lifetime of decorous gorging, waving their rackets frantically in awkward gestures which they have only the faintest hope of making effective; weedy youths tying themselves into knots in preparation for a smash, and knocking the ball far over the backstop or hitting themselves on the shin; dogged middle-aged men slicing the ball at each other with crafty venom, as intent and tight-lipped as an old lady with a difficult piece of knitting—all sorts and conditions of tennis except the excellent. And why do they play? Well—there is a big bet on this match; this one is in the nature of a grudge-fight; doctor's orders; damned if I know—this is the last time you'll ever see me on the court, I know that; get up a good sweat, and then we'll go in to the club-house and drink four rounds of cocktails. Such reasons are worthless. All men are liars, especially about their instincts; and the esthetic instinct is one that is hardly recognized in polite society. Nevertheless, it is the esthetic instinct that drives our modern Malvolios on to the tennis court, as well as our Sir Toby Belches and our Hotspurs.

For the ordinary player, tennis is not a hopeless hell, like golf, where doomed spirits toil and sweat in perennial, unrelieved damnation; it is more of a purgatory, with glimpses of heaven (a perfect rally, even a perfect shot) to lead him on. And

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every tennis player, no matter how bad, has had those transfigured moments when footwork, stroke and timing went all together like a flawless gesture. Such a moment is worth all the misspent monotony of missing easy ones. Golf is a game in which it is apparently possible for some devotees, no matter how few, to become mechanically precise. There are only a limited number of possible shots, depending on the lie of the ball, and the distance and angle of the green. But in tennis, besides the ordinary forehand and backhand drive, serve, volley, half-volley, smash, lob, chop and trap-shot, there are a great many variations, because in almost every instance the three elements—player, racket and ball—are all in motion. Many players in the dub class can manage to make a creditable forehand drive if the ball comes to them just right, not too fast and at the right height; but if they have to take the ball on the run, they either miss altogether, knock their opponent a sitter, or score one of their too-accustomed errors.

Tennis is the pursuit of an esthetic ideal. No player has impeccable form, and every player, until his game has finally hardened into imperfect maturity, strives blindly to be perfect. The critic of form in tennis, the final arbiter, the still, small voice, is always yourself. You do not need to be told when you have made a good shot, or when you have made a bad one; it is usually distressingly evident to yourself what you have done. The esthetics of tennis is supremely practical. There may be several good ways of hitting a shot, but there is one best way; and when you have done it that way, or failed to do it, you always know what you have done. Next to playing the game yourself comes the pleasure of watching tennis that is better than yours; and if you play at all, as an onlooker you cannot help getting a vicarious esthetic satisfaction. For one who has never been able to handle a high-bouncing ball that comes deep to his backhand, for instance, it is a physical pleasure to watch Tilden take the same shot.

In tennis, as in all forms of art, we must model ourselves on examples. And here the classics are but memories; tradition is worth nothing unless we see it exemplified in the modern masterpiece. It is a pity, in some ways, that Larned, McLaughlin, Wilding, the Doherty brothers, and a score like them, could not have been preserved for us in moving pictures, but we have perennially with us the example of their pupils and successors. And even if it includes a good number of professional amateurs, the tennis gallery of today is esthetically as rich and as individual as any that has gone before it. As we watch these living pictures against the background of clipped turf and green baize, we can discover at first no kinship between their smooth economy of movement and our own jerky and uneven aping of them; but in the course of a single match we can become so accustomed to this higher plane that we insensibly grow more critical. If we can find no evident faults in Tilden's technique, or Williams' or Lacoste's or Cochet's at their best, we can see the comparative feebleness of Richards' ground-strokes, Patterson's ugly and weak-appearing backhand, Norton's windmill serve, Borotra's cramped and wooden delivery. Very few of these top-flight players have no eccentricities in their game; a few, like Howard Kinsey, have developed their very eccentricities into effective strokes; but in so far as they offend against the canons of their art, they lessen their potentialities as players.

It may be wondered at that, in a consideration of the esthetics of tennis, the women players have not been mentioned; but it will not be wondered at by many who have seen them play. The fallacy that women are the graceful sex has surely been recognized by now. Tennis remains a man's game, for the reason that his body is a more athletic instrument than woman's. No one would pretend, certainly, that it is more useful. Extraordinarily good woman players like Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen must be written off as curiosities in a sex biologically not adapted to athletic arts.

The purest esthetic enjoyment lies in a more positive action than the mere onlooker's. The real estheticians will always be the players. And if the professional amateurs pay the inevitable price of their too great excellence by sickening of what should be a recreation and is becoming a business, the rest of us will not envy them their hollow trophies. As long as we can get a few good matches in a season, on a decent grass court, with new balls, and a racket that we trust, with an opponent that plays our kind of game a little better than we do, we shall have the makings of a work of art. Only the makings, of course; these ingredients may never give you the hoped-for consummation; but if you and your opponent are both "playing outside yourselves," and there is not too much wind, and everything goes better than well, you may approximate, for a few rallies, or even a few successive points, that blessed, fleeting state known as perfect enjoyment.

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Crime in Chicago

A Resident of the Windy City Relieves His Mind

CHICAGO has always been famous for slaughter. Philosophic vegetarians will maintain that there is a direct connection between shedding the blood of dumb animals and of human beings—a connection symbolized by the story of Cain and Abel—in which case we should attribute the prevalence of major crimes of violence in Chicago to an atmosphere reeking with the blood of hogs and beeves. Interesting as such psychological speculations may be, it is the social, rather than the physical environment, which affords the most plausible explanation of the preëminence of the city in this, as in so many other lines of endeavor. For Chicago has socialized crime to a greater extent than other large communities—has industrialized it and domesticated it, made it a recognized adjunct to business and more than an occasional feature of home life.

Years ago I knew a detective sergeant on the Chicago police force by the name of Mike Dorr. He was of a speculative turn of mind which fitted him for his special assignment as head of the anarchist squad. Dorr was in belief himself an anarchist, and I suspected that his theories, which seemed to me subversive, bore the mark of an *agent provocateur*. Dorr did his official job of suppression perfectly, however, with a minimum of roughness and considerable humor. Once he allowed Emma Goldman to speak, on condition that the hall should be smothered in nationalistic emblems and that her vocabulary should be purged of certain words of great importance in the ritual of anarchy. The lecture went with a creak. Dorr used to explain that crime was an evidence and a product of civilization, an *apéritif* and a condiment for the monotonous diet of life, without which society would get too bored to eat. Of course, the healthiest, cleanest crime was to be found in pioneering conditions; but as the great open spaces filled up, such communities as Tombstone and Poker Flats settled into lethargy, and crime, like other large functions of modern life, tended to become urban. It was the chief and most important duty of the police to provide crime. Crime was a luxury, Dorr used to say, and society which demanded it could well afford to pay the price.

There is a certain affinity between this theory and De Quincey's conception in "Murder as a Fine Art," which masterpiece Sergeant Dorr told me he had not read. An important difference, however, is in the fact that Dorr's view envisaged mass production which would have been intolerable to De Quincey's esthetic feeling. It is true, even in this mass production a degree of selection is exercised by the public, guided by experts of the daily press. Tennyson lamented the prodigality of nature, upon

> finding that of fifty seeds
> She often brings but one to bear.

Society is as wasteful as nature in that it allows some thirty murders to die on the editor's spindle for one that ever sees the front page.

An affinity may also be discerned between Sergeant Dorr's opinions and the deterministic philosophy of Mr. Clarence Darrow, who denies individual responsibility to the murderer as to the bishop. Mr. Dorr, however, believed in trial and punishment, chiefly because of the emphasis which the process gave to the original crime, bringing out its pure values, permitting a higher degree of selection and concentration, and enabling the public to enjoy for weeks a really superior crime, on the principle of the all-day sucker. He would have been an admirer of the professional procedure of Judge Webster Thayer; and whatever he might have thought of the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti, he would have regarded them as highly useful citizens. He would have seen abundant confirmation of his view of society and crime in the most famous criminal case that Chicago has produced, that of Leopold and Loeb. Here was a murder committed by two educated young men for no motive except the desire to offer, for the enjoyment of themselves and the public, a masterpiece executed agreeably to the highest standards of artistic crime. De Quincey would have made the perpetrators corresponding members of the Murder Club. There was, of course, one defect in their workmanship; as sometimes in Scott's novels, the plot broke down, and the mystery went prematurely out of the story. In these circumstances the salvage effected by the newspapers, State's Attorney Crowe, the defense led by Mr. Darrow, and the complacent court, would have moved Sergeant Dorr to admiration. The guilt of the murderers, having been admitted, was forgotten, and a hearing as to possible extenuating circumstances was converted into a mock trial, lasting for weeks, until, when the newspaper readers were satiated, the judge decided the appeal on grounds perfectly known to him at the outset —the ages of the boys. It would be fantastic to assert that there is anything more than a coincidence between the fact that Chicago, the crime capital of the world, is also the seat of the greatest criminal lawyer—but it is a coincidence.

Turning from the esthetic to the utilitarian as-

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pects of crime, we find Chicago today in somewhat the same state as New York City twenty years ago, when, it will be remembered, Lieutenant Becker of the police force was tried and executed for the murder of a gambler named Rosenthal. Mr. Whitman, who was District Attorney at the time, was trying to break up the alliance between the police and protected crime, and in order to get Becker he granted immunity to four gamblers who testified that they had (at Becker's insistence) procured the gunmen to do the job. The case has recently been retold by Mr. Henry Klein in a book called "Sacrificed" in which he maintains Becker's innocence. In any case, his account of conditions in New York enables one to understand those of Chicago today, except for one great difference. Since the days of Becker, the business of crime has been enormously extended under the Eighteenth Amendment, by which a great industry has been made outlaw; and an economic basis supplied for crime such as no other country has ever enjoyed. The gambling and prostitution concessions have been dwarfed in value by the bootlegging privileges. The amount which is collected from the drinking public, out of which protection is paid for, is fabulous. But protection is a relative term. The police may be quite efficient in regulating pedestrian traffic, and yet quite unable to protect an illicit load of beer from hijackers. Accordingly, those in the bootlegging industry provide to a large extent their own protective forces, and the warfare of rival gangs becomes the more intense because of the greater prize at stake.

This is a situation which would be contemplated by Sergeant Dorr with the most profound satisfaction as a triumph of civilization. Here is society creating by law, wholesale, the crime which it requires and enjoys. The police are released from the responsibility of producing crime. It has become self-generating, automatic. Most of the recent famous murders in Chicago, those of Dion O'Bannion, the Gennas, Diamond Joe Esposito and Tim Murphy, have been the result of the internal struggle for control within the invisible empire. The State's Attorney does not bother to prosecute, concluding that the public does not care to pay for the stale old story, told once more in court. All that is asked of the police is to keep out of the way. Of course, the authorities are not immune from danger. A couple of years ago Mr. Crowe's assistant, Mr. McSwiggin, was killed by machine gun fire while riding in an automobile with representatives of a gang, apparently merely to show that it was the right one, and had official sanction.

This incident calls attention to the fact that the new economic basis of crime affords a platform on which the criminal authorities may happily unite with their erstwhile enemies. Sergeant Dorr used to say that the police never detected crime (unless they started it) except through spies or confessions, either by bibery or torture. Now many policemen, like many judges, statesmen, and *entrepreneurs*, being drinking men, are drawn into an association with criminals more natural, and, I may say, more human than the old relations of the stool pigeon or the third degree.

These considerations, which are not in themselves peculiar to Chicago, are there emphasized by geographical and political conditions. Chicago is only a part of Cook County, which includes a number of small towns like Cicero within the jurisdiction of the Sheriff and the State's Attorney. The political control of the city of Chicago and of Cook County may be in the hands of different parties, in which case the vice privileges in the small towns may become very valuable. Under Mayor Dever graft was kept out of the city hall, and protection money became the perquisite of the police captains or patrolmen on the beat. This democratic procedure is contrary to federalist principles. Other administrations believe in centralization. The police are forbidden to take even a ten-dollar bill. Necessarily a gang which does not stand well at the city hall is excommunicated in every ward. For the last two years Mayor Thompson and State's Attorney Crowe have worked in harmony, but against them is Senator Deneen who has had the support of the federal dry authorities. In preparation for the recent primary, a big bunch of graduates of Mrs. Willebrandt's school of crime was shipped to Chicago, and clashes occurred between them and the Crowe-Thompson representatives of law and order. The most regrettable circumstance was the murder of the widely esteemed West Side restaurateur, Diamond Joe Esposito. Mr. Esposito, as a friend and ally of Mr. Deneen, had the sympathy of the federal dry forces; which, I understand, he used with such vigor against his rivals that his taking-off became their only alternative to bankruptcy, and, as high-spirited business men, they chose the former.

There are other aspects of the relation between crime and business, of the process by which crime has become a part of the business life of the community, but I can mention only two. The most immediate value of crime to the public, in Sergeant Dorr's description, is as news, in the selling of which the newspapers are primarily interested. We know that great newspaper proprietors like the late Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Hearst will make a war in order to sell it to the public. Why should they not manufacture other crime? The Chicago newspapers, it is safe to say, are as free from this sordid temptation as any in the country; but there is one way in which they have contributed to the growth of violence in the city. In a trial for murder some years ago, growing out of gang warfare, it appeared that most of the defendants had been, as boys, connected with the circulation department of one of the daily papers. Now the duty of a live circulation manager in Chicago is not only to circulate his own paper, but to prevent the circulation

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of his rivals. At present the existing papers in Chicago have a *modus vivendi,* but this follows a series of bloody wars in the past, and will unquestionably be followed by a bloody war in the future when a new element enters the situation. In other words, the newspapers of Chicago have promoted their business by violence, and have been a high-school of violence for the city. It is this fact which makes Chicagoans laugh at the pious pronouncements of the papers against racketeering, which is merely the application of violence to other forms of business.

This term racketeering we owe, I believe, to the late Mr. Timothy Murphy, who in diction was gifted with a creative imagination. It is applied to a process of organization by violence—the organizers proposing to put out of business everybody who does not recognize their authority. For example, the cleaners and dyers have been organized and their charges raised and made uniform. Establishments which do not conform are bombed, and have the goods entrusted to them ruined by acid. The garage owners have been organized, and in any garage which does not come in, customers find tires cut and windshields broken. I understand that an attempt to organize physicians was barely averted by the Chicago Medical Society. The Employers' Association of Chicago describes racketeering as a feature of the labor movement, and it is perhaps true that the organizers got their training in the unions; but they may also have learned something from the early history of Standard Oil or the Erie Railroad. The plan is adapted to various capitalistic purposes, as, for instance, protecting real-estate values against the influx of Negroes. Racketeering accounts for a great amount of petty violence in which property is destroyed but few persons seriously injured. Along with bootlegging it tends to furnish educational opportunities and steady employment to a criminal class.

It is generally understood that it was in playing with the system which he had so happily named that Mr. Timothy Murphy recently came to his end. Murphy was one of the most picturesque citizens of Chicago. While head of the Gas Workers' Union he attracted the attention of the federal authorities on account of having in his possession part of the loot of a mail robbery, and was sent to Leavenworth or Atlanta. Lately, being out of a job, he aspired to a place on the executive committee of a racketeering organization of which the proceeds are very large. The membership of the executive committee was full; nobody wanted to resign; but it was clear to them that somebody would have to be removed. Who or which? The committee suddenly had the happy thought of eliminating the challenger. There followed an illustration of what I mean by domesticating crime, and living with it on easy, familiar terms. So well known was the situation that the papers sent photographers to Mr. Murphy to freshen up his appearance in the office "morgue." Mr. Murphy was amused but willing to oblige. It was understood that a dispute had arisen among the assassins as to costs. The organization wanted the job done with a machine gun, but the leading operators asked $10,000, which seemed too much. In the end a new concern took the contract for $1,500, and shot Mr. Murphy with a revolver—on a mere chance offered by his own carelessness. The day after, the newspapers were full of Murphy's picturesque personality and stormy career; but no one, not even State's Attorney Crowe, seemed interested in solving the mystery of his death. Probably in this case also, the mystery had gone out of the story prematurely, and it would have been naïve to talk of finding out what everyone knew who knew anything.

I have left out one aspect of the crime situation in Chicago which should be of most interest to the readers of the New Republic—its political aspect. This should be treated by the Chicago Crime Commission which has been in existence since the days of the famous vice report of the Committee of Fifteen. A year ago the Commission was applauding the efficient Mr. Crowe; and the latter, through the grand jury summoned to forget officially the murder of McSwiggin, advised all good citizens to contribute to the Commission. Now the Commission, under its new president Mr. Loesch, is vigorously attacking Crowe and his judges, and promising a clean-up. Mr. Loesch was formerly attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Clearly the powerful interests behind the Commission are convinced that its reputation for crime is hurting Chicago as a resort for business conventions, and menaces the World's Fair scheduled for four years hence. The principle of continuity in the Crime Commission is supplied by the director, Mr. Henry Barrett Chamberlin. He has been director for a long time. Lately he has had a pretty rough time explaining the complacency of the Commission toward Crowe. In fact, he did not explain. But he is presumably in a position to write the story of the connection of business—real business, big business—with crime in Chicago.

Big Business is in politics for a great variety of objects. It throws its support to the group which can and will help it to achieve these objects. The nucleus of such a group in Chicago is naturally Charles V. Barrett, head of the Board of Review, which fixes taxes for business and other citizens. His chief of staff is Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney. Although they had been bitter enemies of Mayor Thompson, they were induced to support him for Mayor two years ago. The favor with which his administration has been regarded by big business, as represented by Marshall Field and Company, Samuel Insull, Silas Strawn and others, has been noticeable. With the private mercenaries of protected vice at their command, it seemed certain that the Thompson-Crowe alliance would carry

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Cook County in the 1928 primary, and, if violence had been allowed to play as large a part as in the primary of 1926, they would have done so. Apparently big business decided that the city could not afford another bloody primary. There was only one killing, that of a colored Deneen man, and for this Morris Eller, City Collector, and his son Judge Emanuel Eller are being prosecuted. The connection of big business with crime was indicated by the senatorial investigation two years ago. Perhaps the present prosecution will advance our knowledge of the subject. At any rate, if the Chicago Crime Commission and its officers, Mr. Loesch and Mr. Chamberlin, were animated by the fearless spirit of inquiry of Mike Dorr, we might be sure of an illuminating and scientific report on this most obscure and intricate portion of the subject. ANONYMOUS.

Solo in Palo Alto

THE morning after Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech found Woppington in a state of seemly Sabbath calm. There was no dancing or rioting in the streets and the citizens who came into Elmer Durkin's place for Sunday papers kept their heads and left their dimes admirably. Among these was the so-called "Dink" Hubbell and Chester A. Donner, the reliable druggist.

"You've got one of those squawk boxes, Dink," said the news vendor. "Did you get any kick out of that solo in Palo Alto, Station GOP?"

"No, I can't stand those tenors," the ignorant youth replied.

"How about you, Chet? Did you make whoopee with Hoover?"

"Oh, that's so, they pinned it on Herby yesterday," said the druggist. "Why bring that up?"

Upon this slight encouragement, Elmer made a sketchy résumé of Mr. Hoover's address.

"First off he ballyhoos the grand, square and upright old party and how it handed us peace, prosperity, benzine buggies and seven million radio sets, some paid for. I'll hand it to the Sec. for throwing a wicked statistic. What the G. O. P. has pulled off in the seven years since he joined up, is practically nobody's business. I thought he was pretty snooty about that lousy war the Democrats held. Hoover has gone native for fair. He wouldn't touch the League of Nations with a ten-foot pole. He's all for peace and a big Quaker army and navy. If any bimbo gets rough we'll biff him with a stuffed olive club and if foreign paupers want any customers here let 'em try and get 'em! Herbert is probably not as bad as he sounds, but this hooey was fourth-class Fess and low-grade Watson.

"The next time I wake up he's giving us the dirt on dirt farmers. He's the guy to fix everything jake because he was raised in a corn patch, not like certain parties he might mention. He's going to do right by those yaps if it sets us back a billion berries. 'The tariff hasn't helped you any up to yet,' he says, 'so let's double the dose. Some time I'll dig you a swell canal.' How will that listen to a poor fish who hears the sheriff nailing the bad news on the door?

"So he goes on for years and years. He's against corruption in a nice way, but he's not steamed up at all and he doesn't drag in any smelly topics like oil. Those thoughts could have been written by the brightest kid in seven B.

"He closes with the dear old Coolidge yell. Does he give that boy a hand! I bet there was a pair of red ears that night under the ten-gallon lid.

"I've got no license to squawk, Chet. They three-sheeted Hoover as a crummy speaker and he made good. I'd say the best line he pulled was 'I accept'."

"Yes, but what did he say about the noble experiment?" asked the druggist.

"I can't see where that baby bettered his hand any on the hooch question. He went extra dry when he said that every modifier is a nullifier and any guy who is not a Volstead Actor is a bad actor. This spiel slams the door on the middle wets' beezer and puts Herbert jake with the Prohibition party and the A. S. L. Sixty-three Herald Tribunes can't lay the dust. Even his speech was dry. Not a kick in a bowlful.

"My hunch is that's right down Al Smith's alley. Of course, they're shooting a lot of hop about how Al is vamping the hicks and playing Peekaboo with the McNary-Haugenites, but that's all dog-days' chatter. Those yaps never get anything but the short end out of the G. O. P., but they always come back for another dish. It's a pipe that Smith's only show to crash the Electoral College is to mop up in the soppy sector and total that in with what they slip him in Dixie.

"The two rum planks listen like twins, only the K. C. thing drags in those grand old prohibition champs, Washington and Lincoln. But H. H. is dryer than his gang and A. S. is about four gallons wetter than a catfish. That might give Al the edge in the near east, and edge is what he needs nothing else but.

"Both those birds are good eggs and good executives. Neither of them is Bolsky about big business and they've both got plenty of jack to toss around. The platforms smell so much alike, you'd pull a bone if you smoked 'em blindfold. Hooch is the only issue they trade wallops about."

"I string along with Al," said Mr. Donner. "Old Tom Marshall had the wrong idea. What this country needs is a good five-cent glass of beer."

Into this situation walked Lester Quigley, bookkeeper for the Woppington Supply Company, who glanced at the headlines.

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"Well," said Lester, "I see Hoover comes out strong against the liquor traffic. That's splendid!"

The ensuing quarrel lasted until Elmer closed up his shop to go home to dinner.

"I suppose Hoover will get by," he said in parting, "but it looks to me as if he had parked himself a little too close to the hydrant."

FELIX RAY.

The Symphonic Nation

The Re-Discovery of America: XIX

I

THIS problem of a creative American life, involving person, group, leader, nation, is one problem: no phase of it can be conceived without the others. The creative person is the leader, when there are persons capable of being led; creative persons alone can create the creative group; and such groups only can create the nation. Conversely, the potential ethos of the nation inspirits the group, empowers the leader, makes real the person. This organic union between individual, group and people—between actuality and promise, means and end—is the pattern which most of modern thought has been devoted to expounding. Only the technique of analysis divides our problem, gives to its parts a false perspective as if they followed one another in time-sequence, whereas, of course, if there be growth at all, all parts will build at once.

Yet we must enter somewhere. I choose the group, because a group is medial and intermediate to both person and people. In order to clear the ground for imagining a possible group, such as would enact the creative work which we envisage, let us glance at a few actual ones. Consider first the typical undominant group: a group of Negroes, of Jews or (this is more rare) of class-conscious workmen. They insist on and fight for their rights, they bewail injustice. They select to lead them the shrewd fellows who can chip privileges and wring salutes from their betters. Even in their better moments—of entertainment and of art—they indulge themselves and they enhance themselves. They act as absolutistic, power-covetous bodies. They strive to make themselves as independent and as autonomous as they can. Although they insist that their demand for rights means that they should be treated like their brothers, actually they imagine themselves as separate (and as a good deal better). America they regard as a grab-bag; with other groups they are in competition. Injustice means to them that they lack the chance—not to be themselves, but to scramble as high as the rest. They are unconscious of American life, save as the pinch of circumstance awakes them, or the hardness of doors which they desire to open. They are so busy looking at the earthly treasure outside, or convincing the world and themselves of their own virtue, that they have neither energy nor time to know themselves.

Other groups—chambers of commerce, bankers, professional men, organized Anglo-Saxons—are like them. They whine less, since they can threaten more; they ask for less, since they have more to defend. They are less eager for the truth, since truth to them means a change and a change their diminution. One and all, such groups are little herds of little selves—clamorous, absolute. And their sum is the American mass which tramples down what does not soothe its gait of self-indulgence. They are all passive; they do nothing; the more aggressive they are, the more passive.[1] When the Daughters of the Revolution strive to stunt America from evolution, they are not less passive to the lurch of the herd, because they happen to "head" it. When the well groomed rabbi shouts that his flock are as good, conforming citizens as any sons of Harvard, he is not less passive to mob ideals because he obstreperously begs for the admittance which the mob's ideals deny him. When the laborer strains to snatch as much as he can of the proceeds of the capitalistic order, he is not less passive to that order, because he strikes and sabotages. The fallacy of the absolutistic ego, of the atomic will and of Power, rots our groups. Delusively conscious of "self" they move blindly for self-acquisition; they sum to the impotent swarm of the American herd. Even enlightened groups—groups which come together to defend the rights of others, to serve the people, to propound some liberal cause, merely subtilize this fallacy. They preach their principle and do not live it; or they try to live it as if their "part" must influence the whole from the outside. Their assumption of apartness, however benevolent and unconscious, breaks the organic union with the whole, which their aims profess.

II

Before our possible group—creative of America because it is organic with and microcosmic of America—can come to be, its members must have redefined their basic attitudes. Any creative act—and any life—is the attempt to form some kind of whole from chaos. This whole (be it within the man

[1] See "The Reign of Power."

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himself or between the man and his wife or between friends or members of a group or people) is of the imagination. But the imagination takes intellectual forms; and these are matters of concept and definition. (Thus, when a Jew had the vision of God, he saw Jehovah; when a Christian, he saw Christ and Mary; when a Mussulman, he saw Allah and the Prophet: the imagination came to each in the form and name, and with the implications, which he had intellectually learned.) Since this is so, it is plain what the consequences must be if some denial of wholeness lurks implicit in the definition, from which the creative act departs. The man whose attitude toward life holds an unchallenged dualism, whose terms are themselves creatures of chaos, for all his benevolent deed, will be the creator of dualisms and disorder.

This is the first practical problem before our possible group. How will its members define self, person, church, religion, state, knowledge, etc., terms which form the basic attitude toward life? If they take over from the world definitions which are functions of its chaos, can they hope to transfigure chaos? How close this danger is, we can best see by going back once more to medieval Europe. . . .

Here was an imaginative project of the Whole which even at its zenith worked violence and corruption. The dissident forces which crumpled it at last were there from the beginning. And the reason: *Christian Europe worked toward wholeness from definitions that were deniers of wholeness.* It regarded Church, State, person as real things. It personalized the Church, it personalized the State, it personalized the person. It tried heroically to blend these ones into One; and the attempt was so grandiose that by it alone man was exalted. Yet since the integers of this Body were bodies absolute, instead of relative, static and eternal, instead of functional and adumbrating, a separatistic principle worked through the epoch and at length prevailed against it. How this happened is a common story, although its essence has not been chronicled. The person, defined as *real* and destined for personal eternity (a contradiction), encouraged in his delusive absolutism and exacerbated by a world which constantly infringed his "sovereignty," came to convert the world into the instrument for self-salvation and to look on a future life as the sole life and goal. The Church, absolutely embodied, worked for its own progress, despised the values of the individuals within it and lost the sense of being a mere relative function of a Whole beyond it. The State, thrown by these precedents into a similar spirit of competition, grew to be an absolutistic monster, and in the final break-up devoured its rivals. Within the imaginative plan of holy Union, egoism and anarchy were loosed by *definition.*

We have inherited intact the assumptions of dualism and of separatistic absolutism which rotted the Christian Republic. We no longer strive to join Church and State, and the reason is that we accept them as separate entities: we have given up the effort and retained the lying definition that made it fail. We no longer regard each soul's separate destiny in heaven or hell as the main business of earth; but we still look upon ourselves as monarchs; we have debauched self-salvation into self-indulgence, retained the fallacy of self and rejected the ideal which that fallacy of definition made invalid. What we have lost of the noble dream of Mediterranean man is the nobility and the dream. All his obsolete terms we have held, which doomed his fulfillment.

This, then, must be the creative outset for our group: it must radically recreate the terms that will form its behavior. . . .

A. *We still look on State, Church, person as Nouns. Our group must look on State, Church and person as Verbs.* If the State is a noun, it will stand alone and act for itself; if Church is a noun it will stand alone and act for itself; if I am a noun, I will stand alone and act for myself. This is more than theory, alas! It is the burden of the story of the world. And it is the one concord of Wisdom. From the Upanishads to Spinoza, the mind of man has proved that there can be but one true substance. The theory of this proof need not concern us, since at all times the common man by his deeds has proved it. Give any man the defining concept that his person is substantially real, and he will act as if he alone were real. Preach unselfishness, morale, coöperation, brotherly love and God in rebuttal of this definition: they will be reeds in a torrent.

1. The man who has been taught that his "I" is a true noun will transmute the world into functions, adjuncts, verbs of his subject. He will be an atom of Power, creature and creator of chaos. "I" must be a verb of which the Whole is the subject.

2. The State which by analogue conceives itself as a noun will be a dissociative, devouring body, drawing to itself all the energy and life it can. It, too, will act as if it were alone—as if it were whole, as if it were holy. Classes, individuals, moved by the same absolutist impulse, will fight for the State's possession, plot and cheat to identify their "I" with it. The periodic hours of armed conflict between States will be but climaxes of the unending war of the individuals within the State. For as Randolph Bourne said wisely: "The health of the State is war." The State must be a verb, of which the Whole is the subject.

3. The Church which conceives itself as a true noun will similarly drain all substance to itself. It will not serve, it will exploit and destroy. The health of the established church is evil. Church must be a verb, of which the Whole is the subject.

In great measure it is due to our false definitions

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(the directors of the images which move us) that devotion to church can mean denial of religion; that patriotism is not alone the refuge, but the creator of scoundrels; that self-pity, self-loyalty, self-fulfillment, even self-consciousness are masks of the most hideous greed. What counts in the Church is what it does—its religious action. What counts in the State is what it does—its public action. What counts in me is what I do—my social, esthetic behavior. Separate these actions from each other, and there is in the world a basic split which means disease. There is the denial of spirit to body, of body to spirit. There is death; and in a true sense we today are dead.

B. *The Whole, which is the one Noun and makes the man, men, State, Church, etc., real in so far as they express the Whole, is not itself an object of contemplation: it is a subject which acts and acts through us.* The true mystic meditation is the deed. Prayer and art are one. The Whole exists through its enactments, and its enactments are we creatures of sense. Subject and verb are not without each other. Of course, this Whole *is* (it has its place for chaos and frustration, for the numberless seeds which do not flower); but it is not for you and me, save as our lives create it; not for America, save as America creates it. It is not "up there" like a heaven or god; not an object like a golden apple to be seen, or unseen, believed in. It is not in time and space at all, except as men's deeds spatially and temporally create it. The organic Order which makes the Whole is a matter of ordering—is the experience of ordering by you and me. Our knowledge is our participation.[1]

Magic, say the Hindus, is a change of attitude: this means, a change of definition. Suppose our possible group defines as the one substantive, the one noun, the Whole of life. Then all that is within it is an aspect, an action, a phase: all that functions wholly within it—expresses the Whole—is a focus of action or a verb. The Whole acting in a certain way is Church, in a certain way is State. *The Whole acting in a certain way will be you and I formed into a group.* No one would deny that one organism can act in numberless ways at once. (I, for instance, at this moment, breathe, perform intricate acts of bodily existence, sit in a chair, digest my luncheon, listen to the sea, think, feel the impact of my fingers on the keys of the machine, watch my words, gauge their effect on you.) . . . The archaic "entities"—Church, State, God, person, truth, knowledge, thought, time, space—are now correlatives. They are all actions and foci of action (science at last in this is equalling metaphysics): actions in the Whole which, in so far as consciousness inspirits and informs them, become actions *of* the Whole. Endow the group's imagination with these *verbs*, as profoundly as the old delusive *nouns* have been indoctrined in us, and the magic is there, the cause of chaos is gone.[1]

[1] See "Action as Knowing."

III

The practical problem of our group remains. It was not practical until the basis of its outlook had been redefined. How the group members come together need not hold us. Perhaps they are all of a single race or of a city block or of a shop; perhaps they have converged to form some revolutionary "cell"; perhaps they have joined to discover beauty or to worship God in the way made hallow by their fathers. The deliberate change of attitude is what counts: it works its magic upon them.

The group they form is not a noun, not a substance bent on fattening itself or its members, on using the world as fodder for self-increase: it is a potential verb of the American subject. It is the means for its members of the kind of action and of the kind of knowledge which will express, *strictly in terms of the group,* the Wholeness of America and of life. The group will not ignore the inchoate American mass or react from it in hatred and defense or covet its treasures. It will identify its initial chaos with the American chaos, and the working out of its own order with the destiny of American order. It will identify its highest will with the mystic American tradition. This will keep the group within bounds of itself and thereby set it to work upon a national, a universal mission.

The men of this group will differ from the world not in the common rivalry of separate absolute selves, but in their consciousness of the Whole. The separateness from the world will be no longer an accident of race or status to be passively suffered or arrogantly flaunted; it will be the essence of their organic connection with the Whole. For these men will be separate only in that they only know the Whole. They accept their separateness because it lies in their sole knowing that they are not separate at all.

America, to this group, will be the imagined Whole—the image of a creative nation which it can work out (and work upon) in its own group life. There will be no time in consequence to clamor for "rights," no breath to bewail "injustice." Only eyes turned outward see life in these false terms; there are no rights, and there is no injustice. Our group from its definitions will know the egoistic falsehood which makes a man claim perfection for himself *from* a world where pain and disability are universal. Its members will accept their limitations, whatever they are, knowing that the particular conditions of their life make it one with all lives which also have their particular conditions; and that these limitations are the condition for work, the stuff

[1] Let it not be forgotten that the chaotic state of the world is also due to an imaginative process—a negative one, doubtless necessary in man's shift from unconscious animal wholeness to a higher one.

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for creating. They will know that life's oppressions are due to the oppression of a "self" clamoring to be absolute and eternal; that the way to be free is not to row with our brother who has the identical problem—whatever his place in the sun. Itself a microcosm of the Whole, the group will accept its chaos to transfigure it. It will look to itself, nurture itself, find both its rights and its injustice in itself. And being truly of the Whole, its work will be a universal action.

What traditions our group carries from the past —Africa or Mayflower—it will assimilate into its present life, search with its present mind. For it will know that the germ of all cultures is one, and potent to be transformed in the flesh of every generation. It will search itself. It will nurture its own talents in order that it may be lifted up, through its men of genius, into self-knowledge and action. For the genius is the eye of the Body. But not until each cell is sensitized toward sight can the highly special optic nerve develop.[1] The group will know that to realize its image of America, it must realize itself; since itself is the *one phase of the Whole* over which it has dominion.

If the members of such a group be Jews, I think they will elect to be humble in the America of the fleshpots in order to be lords in the America of the Prophets. If Negroes, they will follow the leader who turns them toward themselves and not toward the salons of New York. If laborers, they will study the values of consumption which is consummation, with the devotedness they now expend on the problems of possession. If aristocrats of Brookline, they will continue the race of great Puritans in action rather than by name; they will accept as one blood with themselves the men who embody the great Puritan tradition.

IV

The actionable Whole is within: hence for a long time at least, the work of the group will be variedly to experience its own life and thought within the image of its definitions as a phase of the American Nation. For it is also true that the Whole becomes real as the self becomes known. It will give light by becoming luminous, not by preaching light or by starting fires. I doubt if for a generation it will be concerned in politics at all. Politics as a creative business seems to have been barred by our forefathers who, in their wish to protect minority groups, have eventually disenfranchised them. For they have put the power into the hands of the majority who, of course, are ruled by demagogues and cliques. Our Constitution gives no voice to group articulation, and any group in an appeal for political suffrage must first delete its essence by translating itself into majority, non-group terms. . . . Revolutionary action is also barred; it can be effective only in a world where there is already a group integration. In eighteenth-century France a group could creatively seize power, since it was in millennial relation with the whole: the bourgeois had been culturally formed by the aristocracy and could continue (as it has) the France of the kings when the kings failed. The case is not dissimilar in Russia. The Communists, it will soon be clear, have been culturally created less by Marx than by ages of the Russian Church. Now with the recreative stimulation of the Marxian Idea (which like the old Church has a Mediterranean base—Jewish and Platonic), they can continue the Russia of the Church since Church and Tsar have failed.[1] But no group in the American chaos is so close to being born in relation with the potential American Whole, that it can risk direct action on the mass without the certainty of being lost in the blind mass momentum.

V

The alternative is not quietism. (Indeed, perfect quietism is a false concept, in that it implies an individual separate from his surroundings.) Our group, since it organically lives, will not be sterile. Its members will be superlatively vibrant centers wreathing forth. It will move persons beyond its domain; it will beget groups like it. These groups will harmonize one with another, for the self of each will be an enactment—individuated and strictly focal—of the Whole which has its place for all. A group of such groups in America would leaven the whole lump. For we have seen that America is capturable, that it needs to be captured: nor would such leadership be a tonality strange to our land with its great mystic tradition and with the attuning spirit of its aboriginal cultures. It would be fulfillment.

In a symphony, each note rises and speaks and disappears forever. Many notes are grouped to make melodies and themes, are intricately woven to fill chords; and these too tide and fall. All the innumerable notes lift their instant voices, and pass, and only the symphony remains. Such would be our nation: save that the spirit which informs each individual note and group of notes, building the structure of the whole by living the progressive parts, would be within the groups of human notes, themselves. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Russia —Europe—America" will appear in our issue of September 12.)

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[1] This is of course a biological fact. Jules Romains has proved that it is true even in man, through his experiments in developing "paroptic" or "extra-retinal" vision in the blind.

[1] The "materialism" of the Soviets is not to be feared, for matter is becoming spiritualized (endowed with life) in our laboratories at the same pace at which the "spirit" of the old churches dies. The materialism of Russia is religious. Revolutions change nothing; they at best fulfill. Otherwise, they fail.

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Washington Notes

PROBABLY by the time this more or less illuminating discourse upon "the issues of the hour," as the breast-beating statesmen of the South in their sweaty way do so love to refer to them, breaks into print, the dramatic and spectacular Al will have got the 5,000 or so words of his speech of acceptance entirely off his hairy chest, and we will be in what the Washington correspondents call the "swing" of the campaign. Exactly what they mean by that has always been something of a puzzle to me—and, I suspect, to them. However, whatever that is, that's where we will be. As a matter of fact, I do not take these speeches of acceptance as seriously as do some others. They seem upon the whole as meaningless as the party platforms, as devoid of candor and as unproductive in results, in spite of the long and profound meditation and prayer devoted to them. They do provide, of course, a topic for July and August speculation prior to their delivery, and for vast editorial comment and headquarters publicity for a few days subsequent thereto, but they do not in my judgment in any way change the existing situation, determine the drift of the fight or in fact do anything else of a really vital nature.

They furnish an occasion and they continue a tradition, but that is about all. Always and inevitably the editorial, oratorical, political and professional supporters of the candidate think—and declare—that his speech is a "great" one, measuring up to the "highest standards," vibrating with an "inspired statesmanship," lifting the campaign to the "highest plane," demonstrating both his "courage" and "vision." And just as inevitably and unanimously the press, politicians and proponents of the other side vociferously agree that the speech is completely and entirely rotten, exhibiting both cowardice and hypocrisy, conclusively proving the candidate to be simultaneously ignorant, insincere and unfit for the presidency. It never fails. That is what happened to the Palo Alto speech of Herbert, delivered a week ago, and that is what will happen to Al's when he "shoots the works" next week. No converts were made by Herbert; none will be made by Al. There may be some of these farm relievers holding off their Smith announcement until after the Smith speech so as to make their flop seem more realistic and reasonable, but they won't be real converts. These boys—these professional farm agitators—are for him now and for two reasons—one is that they got so far out on the limb against Herbert that they can't get back, and the other is that there simply is no place for them to go except into the Smith camp. If they remain neutral they not only lose their nuisance value in politics, but expose themselves as both futile and stupid.

I think that in this place a week or so ago I made certain predictions about the Hoover speech. So far as I recall them I think I said that it would be long, somewhat podgy, very dull, utterly unexciting, without new ideas but exceedingly sound and unquestionably written by Hoover himself. It is so seldom that anything in the nature of a forecast works out for me that the hundred-percent fulfillment of this one encourages me to make certain statements about Al's forthcoming oratorical masterpiece, even though it is to be delivered almost simultaneously with the publication of this article, and if I go very wrong that will certainly make it easy to nail me right to the wall. There will not be time for anyone to forget. However and notwithstanding, I do not believe I am taking a very great risk in expressing the conviction that the Smith speech as a speech will be very much better than the Hoover speech. In the first place, although it will be quite as long, it will not be by any means as dull. In the second place, it will be equally sound from the economic standpoint. There will be in it no endorsement of the equalization fee and no suggestion that in the remotest way will be unsettling to the big-business boys—like Raskob, Dupont and Woodin—who have lined up behind him. In the third place, it will be exciting because of the outspoken nature of his words on prohibition, and in the fourth place, what he says will seem new, though it really won't be.

Of these things I am reasonably certain. I am also fairly sure that the Smith speech will have just about the same reception and approximately the same general effect as the Hoover speech. But when the tumult is over, the net result will be nothing at all. Smith people will still be Smith people and Hoover people still for Herbert. No newspapers now supporting Herbert will have flopped to Al, just as no sheets advocating Al have flopped to Herbert. Everybody will be as they were. It takes no special talent to see these things. I do not want to deceive you. A child could do it. There isn't any risk in this sort of prognostication. The truth is that these speeches of acceptance—even the best of them—are really just a "lot of hooey." I do think, however, that Smith's will be better than Hoover's—better than most—but the result will be the same. He will make no converts. Not a soul will be saved. How much of his speech will be Moskowitz, how much Proskauer and how much Smith I have no means of knowing. Nor does anyone else for certain, aside from these three. What I do know is that the combination is an exceedingly effective one. Nowhere has it shown to better advantage than in those two letters—particularly the last one—to Pastor Straton, who was flattened out more completely than I would have believed possible. I cannot exactly tell which it is, but one of this trio has a lovely taste and feel for words—and I am inclined to believe it is the lady. The ideas I am willing to concede are Al's all right, but I am convinced the words are not. He has real help there—which is legitimate enough and perfectly proper. Herbert would have done better if he had accepted a little of the same kind. Perhaps he could not get the same kind.

The real Smith strategy in this campaign does not seem clear, judging from the way they write, to the gentlemanly correspondents who are "covering" the Democratic candidate, but it is perfectly well understood by the really capable politicians, if any, of the Hoover campaign. Of course, when I use that adjective I do not refer either to the Chairman of the National Committee, Dr. Work, or the Chairman of the Publicity Committee, Mr. Allen. But Slemp knows and Good knows, and Donovan knows and Brown knows and sometimes I think Moses knows,

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although most of the time he is too busy thinking up wisecracks for the New York reporters to keep very well posted. The Smith effort is directed toward making up for the loss of Southern and border Democrats alienated by his religion, his wetness or his "Tammany taint," by corralling the disaffected farmers in the Corn Belt and the disgruntled Negro in the Middle West. A desperate Democratic flirtation with these two elements is under way. Neither money, pains nor time is being spared in the courtship. Obviously, should the Raskob management be successful in either or both directions, it would be a master stroke. It might offset the loss of the border states he is likely to lose. It might even elect him. It would be splendid politics if it wins. However, the aforesaid capable Republican managers, which, as aforesaid, bars Work and Allen, are not worried. They abundantly had proved at Kansas City that Brother Peak and his professional farm leaders with whom Smith and Raskob have been lunching, dining, and conferring, and who have come out loudly for Smith—could not deliver the farmer. They would rather have, they say, one Dante Pierce with his old "Homesteader" than eight Peaks and fourteen Murphys. And they have Dante—have him whole-heartedly and completely. They would, in fact, rather have Dante than Lowden—and I don't blame them.

As to the Democratic drive for the Negro and the "Negro revolt," about which so much has been written, and the suggestion that the Negroes are going to vote Democratic, the aforesaid capable Republicans say, "Oh, yes, oh, yes, very interesting, very interesting—but it won't come off." I don't believe so myself, but still I think it pretty smart politics for the Smith people to make the effort. If they can't offset the Democratic defections with the farmers and the Negroes—and one other element, the foreign-born—then they can't offset them at all. Anyhow, that's what they are after.

T. R. B.

Washington.

When Caesar Fell

When Cæsar fell, where yellow Tiber rolls
  Its heavy waters muddy,
Life, that was ebbing from a hundred holes
  In Cæsar's body,
Cried with a hundred voices to the common air,
  The unimperial day,
"Gather me up, oh, pour me into the veins of even a gilder
    of hair!
Let me not vanish away!"

The teeth of Cæsar at the ignoble word
  Were ground together in pride;
No sound came from his lips: the world has heard
  How Cæsar died.
In the Roman dust the cry of Cæsar's blood
  Was heard and heard without wonder
Only by the fly that swam in the red flood
  Till his head went under.

Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Great Plumbing

RIDING here in one of those American city additions where homes have been designed by the architect, built by the realtors and furnished and decorated by the decorator, and are opened for inspection and purchase, we saw a sight that made me think of C———. It was a starry night, one of those clear nights when the heavens in Texas look only a far darkness where golden points are hung, and the low trees look dark and soft. The house was very much on view, with every window upstairs and down as lighted as steamboats in musical comedies; and the brightest light of all glared through the wide main door into the entrance hall. And in this hearty illumination, and through some door at the back of the hall, facing the entrance and commanding, or perhaps inviting, the street, sat, the lid raised against the wall, a white furnishing that would be called by the undying Euphues the bathroom.

The first reaction we felt to that sight was comical, hilarious, one of those things that could not be possible; then exasperating and depressing; then, with the wind going out of our high seriousness, a feeling of gratitude to Flaubert, who said that if utility is to be the final test, the commode is the most beautiful thing in the house. Then I thought of C——— and how it remained for Texas, the Lone Star State, to go him one better. This was what C——— would like to have achieved. We went into the house, where people, pleased and covetous, were filing about—lovers of modern homes. Next to the toilet was the garage, you could see into it from a little window. Of C———'s theories this house was the crown.

C——— is a tall blond, a self-made man who rose from errand boy to an office of his own. This Texas home makes me think of my New York architect, and the last time I saw him, which was just after I had seen the last house from his hand.

It was a big house, more than two hundred feet in length. The first floor had one tiny bedroom opening off the entrance vestibule; after that there were a gymnasium, a series of shower baths and toilets for men facing the front door, then their clothes-closets, and then showers and toilets for women and more clothes-closets. It will be seen, then, that the entire first floor was given over to bodily functions. On the next floor were a modest drawing-room, a dining-room, a study, four master's bedrooms and, in a house covering so much ground, two guest rooms. There were also rooms for about as many servants as an English establishment of this size would have in the kitchen. The house had cost more than a quarter of a million. If that seemed a good deal of money, especially since the doors were largely stock doors, and the windows stock, and the detail everywhere very scant, C——— would have wanted you to remember that the foundations in this house—which were in fact dug down and massive enough to support a fortress on top of them—were to be admired, and the plumbing, which was unsurpassable. This might be a difficult point of view for some people to follow, but the owner appreciates C———'s ideas; the owner is a steel millionaire, risen from the bottom, and he knows these genuine values.

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Outside, C——— likes in houses the natural effect. He has never seen Versailles or the Roman palaces, but he thinks they are flubdub and artificiality. His houses wander and turn, protrude and retire with all the artlessness of nature, and the material in them is reliable like nature. The roofs are always sterling gray slate; the walls are in rocks and lumps, uneven, natural and strong. Sometimes these walls, as you see them from the road, look grim and serious, like cliffs; but oftener they are mottled, lumpy and mixed up, as if the house had been built out of the contents of some great craw.

These ugly plans of C———'s for a long time aroused some of his friends to harsh objections; but he is a good fellow at heart and full of a kind of frontier enthusiasm, and after a while the world accepted this as a style, and plenty of clients have sought him.

One of the pleasures in life, if you have a taste for ideas and theories as the garments of men's souls, is to hear C——— and some of his sympathetic friends talk about the Gothic. What really charms them is the feeling they have—strangely enough—that the Gothic is all emotion and natural feeling and no mind; this convenient intuition on their part leaves them all defended and safe —you build for function, sincerity and solidity, and you are a fine architect; a structure that many people found quite ugly before, becomes, as soon as they learn what it is to be used for, quite beautiful.

The way C——— and his friends have the Gothic period worked out is this: the Gothic centuries were centuries of great faith and of a single state of mind among all men. The cathedrals were not designed in cold blood in any architect's brain and so carried through. No, it was just that everybody wanted a cathedral for the Virgin and so the cathedral just came. A sinner gave her jewels, people brought money, cheese, offerings. A believer stopped as he passed by and carved a melon or a face or something, and the Virgin made it all stand up.

In this same *genre* as his houses C——— married. His wife in her maiden days must have suggested the dairy farm with its peaches and cream; now it is broad acres and rolling hills of platitude. In college she was a leader, but this has quieted down now to theories like fruit before breakfast. They have furnished their home—which has been in many magazines—with homey comfort and furniture that looks like the national anthem.

The Texas triumph reminds me, then, of this talk with C——— more than a year ago. I had been seeing Aldous Huxley at that time and he had been telling me with Gargantuan relish of a certain erratic duke, of Portland I think it was, two or three generations back, who spent a fortune building himself an underground house, away from the light of day. But he gave that up finally and became enamored of water-closets. He had water-closets put in all his rooms, and finally one even in the drawing-room corner.

I remember that at this point in the account I paused, thinking doubtless that such architectural fancy might not be undiverting. C——— had not smiled, he was listening to me seriously, evidently turning the Duke's ideas over in his head. I found myself sitting somewhat dampened, thinking of those stages in culture where, first, you like for its own sake beauty in idea, design, material; second, where you like the costly material and lavish accumulation piled on, the state of taste that exasperated L. Accius and made him ask why should he care if they had 600 mules in "Clytemnæstra"—*quid enim delectationis habent sescenti muli in Clytemnaestra*—and then that third stage, when you have been allowed by the society around you to set up as an ideal admiration a luxurious multiplication of the kind of thing you can appreciate, and when those who have never known anything of design and material can at least extol plumbing.

With matters going like that, it was now time to lead out the very trump card of the noble lord's eccentricity: he even had a water-closet built on the back of his coach.

But my story had gone very flat. I should have been wiser to tell something about Bernini's absurd babies and garlands flying out from the walls and canopies, and his habit of spoiling the grain of natural wood with paint, excesses like that in baroque and rococo.

STARK YOUNG.

Radio Is Wonderful

HE said: "Is this seat taken?"

I said: "Yes, of course."

So he sat down.

That was all right; on the 8:16 from South Norwalk it isn't the words but the intonation which indicates amiable acquiescence or the contrary. Most of us, in making the formal inquiry, mumble inaudibly anyhow. It is also understood that once you are seated, commuters' etiquette demands that there must be no further speech, unless your seat-mate happens to be a friend of yours, or invites conversation by putting down his paper when you do. Therefore I was mildly surprised and a little resentful this morning when the man next to me began talking while I was still in the middle of Eddie James' Paris despatch on the Kellogg plan, and before the train had done more than pull out of the station.

"You got a radio?" he inquired, and went on without noticing my negative reply. "Wonderful things, ain't they? I've got one of the best sets on the market—all-electric—get fine distance, out here in the country. Pick up Georgia and Nebraska and Minnesota 'most any night in the winter. 'Course, now in the summer, it ain't so good."

"Is that so?" I said feebly, and glanced at him. He didn't look Wall Street, or advertising—more like small retail business—perhaps forty, certainly paunchy, thinning hair, and looking, I thought, a little pale and wild-eyed. I was reassured, however, to see that he carried the Herald Tribune; the really wild-eyed ones read the American or World.

"Yes, sir, radio has made a wonderful change in people's lives," he went on with determination, as though I had been arguing the contrary. "Now you take me, I hardly ever seem to care to go out in the evening any more. I get home about quarter to seven—I take the 5:35—and soon's I come in the house I turn on my set, good and loud so's I can hear it upstairs while I take a bath and

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put on fresh clothes. Then we have the dinner music from OR or EAF or JZ while we eat. After that I generally get the program out of the paper, and pick out what I want to hear. Or sometimes I just turn on one station, like EAF for instance, and let it run till about midnight. Them good stations, the program's always worth listening to. They have some jazz and some good music, and an interesting talk, and so on, on every one."

Since he seemed to expect comment of some sort from me, I said, Did his family like it too? He was so obviously the sort of man who has a family that preliminary inquiry on that score seemed unnecessary.

My question apparently threw him into confusion. He stared at me a moment, swallowed, and then said that his wife didn't care so much about the radio. "She's a great reader," he said deprecatorily, and added, as though I might as well know the worst at once, "Books. She reads all them old books. But the set don't bother her none. She sits in the living-room and I sit in the dining-room, where the set is, and I keep it turned down pretty low in the evenings, so as not to wake the children. Junior is only four, and Baby—the baby is two and two months. With a set like mine, now, you can turn it down so low you can't hardly hear it across the room, and still get every word."

I made a vague amiable sound.

"Another thing, it's educational. Nobody knows how much it's educated the American people already, and it's only hardly more'n begun, you might say. You take these public dinners now, for big high-up men, dinners you and I could never get invited to in a million years. You just turn on your set and there you are, right at the speaker's table, hearing a lot better'n you could probably if you were in the room but stuck off at one of the tables in the back, and you can listen to all those wonderful men, Al Jolson and Willie Collier and Mayor Walker. I tell you, it's the greatest thing ever happened to this country!"

He was looking at me, and may have seen the surprise with which I heard that these were educational speakers, for he went on rather hastily, I thought: "Of course, there's lots of other good stuff too—lessons in Italian, and geology, and cooking, and art. But most of it is in the daytime and I don't get much chance to listen, except some Saturday afternoons when it's too rainy for golf. I tell my wife—" again he hesitated and I wondered if he were planning to reveal some confidence which even to him seemed inappropriate for a stranger—"I tell my wife she should listen sometimes. Like now the cookery lessons of many lands, from Washington. Diplomats' wives telling how to fix the favorite dishes of their native countries. Some of those things would be nice for a little change."

"I should think so," I said feebly. My part in the conversation seemed to be getting more and more inane.

He glanced at me, and away again with that inexplicable touch of emotion. "But she just laughs at me," he said. "She never turns the set on at all. She says I'm such a real American I'd look foolish eating some dish from Austry-Hungary or some place. Anyhow, she knows about foreign cooking; her father and mother had her abroad twice, when she was a girl, and they lived there quite a long time, once in Paris and once in Rome."

Again he surprised me, by suddenly picking up his Herald Tribune and staring earnestly at the headlines. I went back to Eddie James, and read until the train drew into the tunnel, when I put my paper down because the flickering sunlight through the Park Avenue gratings was hurting my eyes. My neighbor had not turned a page, and when he lowered his journal again I had an impression that he had read nothing.

"The market certainly went to the devil yesterday," I said idly.

"Did it?" he asked, and I confess I was astonished. I hadn't supposed any business man could fail to know such an elementary fact, and particularly when his Herald Tribune was leading the paper with the story, under a three-column head.

"You're not downtown?" I said. My form was interrogatory, but my intention declarative.

"No, I'm with the Aetna," he said absently. "George L. Burgess is the name. Fifteen East Forty-first Street."

"Business pretty good this summer?" I inquired, stuffing the Times into my briefcase as the platform slid into view outside our window.

"Not so bad," said my companion. "I'll certainly have a lot to do when I get back to the office tomorrow. I haven't been there since last Friday."

"Taking a little holiday?" I suggested, with the feebly jocose manner which such an inquiry is supposed to require.

He stood up as the car stopped, and moved into the aisle. Then he turned upon me a look of the purest misery I have ever seen on any human countenance.

"No," he said hastily and somewhat thickly. "The fact is . . . my wife died Monday." He stopped, his face working, and then went on. "Funeral was yesterday. I had to come in this morning to get a housekeeper. I got to have somebody to take care of the children." He started to say something else, then changed his mind, jammed his hat on with one hand, and hurried away.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wages and Tariffs

SIR: Neither the New Republic nor the New York Times seems to be in agreement with Secretary Hoover's bread-and-butter wage analysis published in the July Tariff Review, showing the purchasing power of American wages to be from two to ten times the wages in certain foreign countries. The Times fares badly, however, in a comparison between the editorials in the two publications. The New Republic attempts a sincere analytical criticism of Secretary Hoover's communication: the Times contents itself with simply another of its spleen-venting, sneering editorial tirades with never a thought of constructive criticism.

The New Republic objects, first, to the use of bread and butter as an indication of the purchasing power of the wages of foreign and American workers, referring with more or less approval to the studies of the International Labor Office as being more comprehensive and therefore a better indication of the purchasing power of the wages of these workers. To attempt to show that both real and money wages are higher in the United States than anywhere else in the world seems like attempting to prove the obvious, but apparently this is just what has to be done.

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Accordingly, it might interest the New Republic to know that the most recent studies by the International Labor Office show a like discrepancy beween the purchasing power of foreign wages as compared with American. The following table of comparative real wages in various cities, taken from the International Labor Review for April, 1928, would seem to need no further comment:

[London, January, 1928=100]

Philadelphia	192	Paris	59
London	100	Brussels	46
Stockholm	90	Rome	45
Berlin	66	Lisbon	30

Unless the New Republic is prepared to admit a difference between foreign and American wages, might it be asked how the New Republic accounts for the enormous influx of immigrants from the old world to this country in our pre-restriction days? How does it account for the fact that we now have an immigration-restriction law? And how does it account for the fact that numerous large American industries, unable to compete with importations of their foreign rivals in the American market, are establishing their own factories in Spain, Norway, Germany and France, from which they are supplying to an increasing extent their American market?

To pick a quarrel with Secretary Hoover's comparison because it includes the wages of railway engineers, carpenters and electricians, who are not in direct competition with their foreign brethren, is to ignore certain facts which Mr. Hoover had a right to assume would be self-evident. Surely the New Republic will not deny that there must be a certain degree of sympathy between the wages in these non-protected industries and those in direct competition with their foreign rivals. Unless this were so, such a wage theory as Cairnes' "Non-Competing-Groups" would have made more progress than it has in the last seventy-five years. And while we are on this point, the New Republic might give thought to the fact that, instead of not being protected by the tariff, the railway workers, carpenters and electricians of this country have the most perfect form of protection yet devised—geographical.

Does not the New Republic give away much of its case in being "reminded, further, that the chief legislative protection for common labor is not the tariff, but restriction of immigration"? In the last analysis, just what is the difference between the restricting of labor and the restricting of the products of labor? If a German weaver is to be kept out of this country because to admit him might throw an American weaver out of a job, what is to prevent the German weaver's products, when imported into this country, from throwing the American weaver out of a job?

Evidently, the following paragraph was not written without some misgiving: "Another glance at Mr. Hoover's table reveals that, while real wages in these Protected States are about twice those in the nominally free-trade United Kingdom, real wages in the United Kingdom are much higher than in stiffly protected nations like Germany and France. What, if anything, does this prove?"

"*Nominally* free-trade United Kingdom" is good! Anomaly were better. The New Republic, evidently, has not heard that last year Great Britain collected in customs revenues $542,473,200 as compared with $583,501,000 for this country. Nor, apparently, has it heard that the issue of protection is becoming so acute in England as to cause rumor of a resignation of the Baldwin government.

The best answer to the New Republic's contention that 1914 wages under the Underwood-Simmons Tariff Act made a better showing than 1928 wages appears in the following paragraph from a statement by William A. Nealy, president of the Massachusetts State Branch of the American Federation of Labor:

> It [the Underwood-Simmons Act of 1913] reduced the employment of American labor, and it did not reduce the cost of living, and the revenue obtained from the tariff was cut down many millions. That tariff law, which was signed with so much satisfaction at the White House, led straight to the bread line and to the soup houses and to the army of the unemployed, in which from four to five million of the "rank and file of the country" were soon enrolled.

In the heat and enthusiasm of its closing, the New Republic seems to have ignored the fact that Secretary Hoover specifically indicates that the tariff is only one of the factors making for the wage differences his comparison shows. This is unfair. Mr. Hoover would admit that mass production, widespread education, American business enterprise and the machine technique had all contributed toward raising wages and the standard of living in this country. And before talking about "stultification," the New Republic might do well to consider whether or not its editorial prerogative includes the license to distort a statement made by another, and to misinterpret his motives and convictions.

The whole tenor of the New Republic's analysis, from the heading to the final period, is that there is nothing to this protective-tariff theory. On this, hear Mr. Thomas Walker Page, an ex-chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, an economist of international reputation, a Democrat, incidentally, and not a high-tariff man: "Inasmuch as the country has been living under a protective tariff, industries have grown up and adjustments made under that kind of a tariff. I believe that any immediate withdrawal or revolutionary change in our policy would be attended by disasters in this country that would prove to be without parallel."

ARTHUR L. FAUBEL,
New York City. Secretary, American Tariff League.

[1. The New Republic, referring to the more authoritative studies of the International Labor Office, quoted that office to the effect that even these studies are incomplete and inconclusive. This applies to the 1928 figures as well as the others. In the absence of proof, however, the New Republic assumed that real wages are higher in the United States than elsewhere.

2. The point concerning the real wages of railway engineers, carpenters, electricians and other groups not subject to international competition in any case is, that so far as a protective tariff affects these wages, it tends to reduce them by raising the prices of what the groups in question must buy. These wages are, of course, subject to the other influences leading to high wages in the United States.

3. Restriction of immigration and protective tariffs are not on the same footing as a protection of labor, because the first limits the supply of labor without much affecting the demand for it, while the second, considered from the point of view of all industries, diminishes rather than enlarges the demand for labor, while increasing the prices of the protected articles to the purchaser.

4. The tariff policy of Great Britain is not to be judged by its customs revenues, since its imports are regularly a far larger percentage of its total trade than the imports of the United States, and many of its duties are for revenue only. Great Britain practises protection to a far less extent than the United States, France or Germany. If it were wholly protectionist, however, the difference in real wages could mean nothing for the protectionist argument, and would scarcely be cited.

5. The only available figures (such as they are) show that American real wages were as far above British in 1914 as during the past three years. The remarks of Mr. Nealy concerning unemployment in 1914 are irrelevant to the point at issue, and were evidently made in ignorance of the fact that the depression of 1914, like most other depressions, was felt in all the major industrial nations.

6. Mr. Hoover wrote that the tariff is one of the principal causes of high wages in the United States. Authorities who have studied the subject do not mention the tariff even as a minor cause; most of them would deny that it had any such effect. Mr. Hoover's statement is therefore eitner ignorant or stultifying to his real merits and significance.

9. The New Republic's editorial was directed to disproving Mr. Hoover's statement, not to advocating "any immediate withdrawal" of the tariff or "revolutionary change." Neither we nor the Democratic party, nor anyone else, so far as we know, advocate any such thing. To conduct the campaign on this issue, therefore, is to be insincere, and to stoop to buncombe.—THE EDITORS.]

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Why the Girls Were Left Out

SIR: I think Edith Abbott's indignation at President Frank, Dr. Meiklejohn and the regents of the University of Wisconsin for not providing for women in the Experimental College is extremely ill-advised.

Inasmuch as it is an essential part of the experiment to have the students live together, the recently constructed men's dormitories were used to begin work. To have made it co-educational was obviously impracticable, to say the least. To have asked Dr. Meiklejohn to abandon the men and start the experiment in the old women's dormitories was obviously unreasonable. To have asked the regents to provide a separate Experimental College for women would have been presumptuous.

Speaking as an individual student of the Experimental College, I am not so sure that the sole objection to a co-educational college is its impracticability. Whether the "monkish segregation" that we enjoyed in our equivalent of class-room work was an advantage or a disadvantage is emphatically an open question, middle-western co-eds being what they are.

SIDNEY HERTZBERG.

New York City.

Can a Liberal Be Dry?

SIR: In the New Republic, August 15, Mr. Myron Johnson concludes that Mr. Smith differs fundamentally from Mr. Hoover only upon prohibition. Hence, I infer, since "the independent voter . . . is not likely to join a crusade against prohibition," that voter, fearing to vote for Mr. Thomas, will mark his ballot for Mr. Hoover.

Social scientists are commenting favorably upon this letter, apparently because it rationalizes their own predispositions. Excepting historians, social scientists, in the light of their public utterances upon prohibition, think almost as do the Westerville dons. Yet the former pride themselves upon their liberalism and independence. In a pinch, however, these social scientist liberals strike out. A few months ago many of them condemned Mr. Hoover's policies. Today they support them. Before this country entered the World War American social scientists condemned war; once we were involved, by a *"voltafaccia"* that would do credit to Mussolini, they soon emulated even the clergy in their vociferous support of organized slaughter. The virus of high rectitude mixes with the virus of cowardice in the veins of the social scientists. Therefore, assuming a righteous moral stand, they must needs rationalize. Mr. Johnson does this for the social scientists when he asserts that Mr. Smith stands, not for individual liberty, but for states' rights. Such an explanation is just what the social scientists need to continue in their fake liberalism by supporting prohibition under the guise that such support does not involve the general question of liberalism.

Mr. Johnson rests his appraisal of the two major candidates upon the equivocal platform declarations. It seems that the records of Mr. Smith and Mr. Hoover ought to be considered. It ought, also, to be ascertained what the election of Mr. Hoover involves.

No liberal can support the present interpretation and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Hoover's stand ought to lead independents and liberals to question just what place Mr. Hoover would assign to the individual atom in the American molecule. A vote for Mr. Hoover is hardly a vote for individual moral liberty.

Mr. Hoover is as silent upon touchy foreign problems as the platform of his party. We have already tasted of Republican dollar diplomacy. A vote for Mr. Hoover will hardly be a vote against this brand of imperialism.

It seems that any but a rabid dry would prefer wet Mr. Smith to a continuance of the present Republican regime. Yet will Mr. Hoover's election change this regime? Can he shake off Coolidgism and Mellonism? Assuming that he could, it is doubtful, in the light of his campaign movement and of his oleaginous praise of current Republican policy, that he contemplates significant changes in the character of Republican personnel. Mr. Hoover's declaration on party corruption was tepid, at best. How can the liberal, independent voter, by any stretch of rhetoric, construe a vote for Mr. Hoover to be a vote against corruption and plutocratic government?

Mr. Hoover's stand upon other policies is hardly superior to that of Mr. Smith.

I do not assert that Mr. Smith's program, as revealed to date, is very satisfactory. It is not. Yet, in the light of all factors, it seems decidedly more promising to an independent than the program of Mr. Hoover.

Those who think as does Mr. Johnson should vote for Mr. Thomas, or for the candidate of the Prohibition party. They ought, further, publicly to approve of one of the minority candidates, preferably Mr. Thomas. In all probability, however, such a logical and laudable step will not be taken by social scientists, what with their class prejudices and fears of social disapproval.

What the American independent voter needs, if he is afraid of whiskey, is spunk.

JOSEPH J. SPENGLER.

Washington, D. C.

Making Bolivia Dress Up

SIR: A decree recently went into effect in the South American Republic of Bolivia, stating that on and after October 6, 1928, all citizens of that republic were officially required to discard their native costumes for European clothes.

This represents one of those interesting phases of what we designate "the advance of civilization."

Just what motives actuated this drastic step on the part of the Bolivian government remain, and probably will remain, a matter of surmise. Being acquainted with the manners and customs of the presidents of South American Republics, we might hazard a guess that would probably not be far from the truth.

No doubt some enterprising manufacturer and exporter of "out-of-style" clothing and brown derbies has been able to convince the Bolivian president that it would be a profitable and useful move to find a market for these.

The native Bolivian costume is admirably adapted to the cold, rigorous and rainy climate of the high Andes, and consists of heavy sandals, a pair of corduroy trousers, slit up the sides, and a bright-colored, warm and weather-proof poncho. The pinnacle of this quaint array is in a big, elongated sombrero, the height of which is in exact proportion to the caste or social distinction of the wearer.

With one fell swoop, this picturesque garb is now officially to be thrown into the scrap heap and replaced by ill-fitting, but civilized, and probably crumpled, second-hand American clothing.

We will not put ourselves into the position of saying whether these startling advances of civilization are of benefit to the world as a whole, but trust that they will at least enable some Bolivian government official to retire comfortably after his period of incumbency and possibly add a wing to his *hacienda* or buy one of the new model Ford automobiles.

However, it is really regrettable to note from the standpoint of a tourist and a world traveler that we will soon have to limit our craving for the novel and quaint to short excursions to the museum and delving into ancient and obsolete manuscripts. No doubt this trend of the world will lend a stimulus to such books as "The Travels of Marco Polo" and other similar literary efforts, and leave a great deal to the imagination which thus far we could experience at first hand.

The modern, Anglo-Saxon utopia symbolizes a state where every individual has enough of the wordly wherewithal to support a stock broker, a golf course, a six-cylinder car (preferably of the better make), an electric refrigerator, a radio and a washing machine.

After all, what interest is there in life beyond these comforts?

E. L. F.

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In Defense of Humanism

American Criticism: A Study in Literary Theory from Poe to the Present, by Norman Foerster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 273 pages. $3.50.

MR. NORMAN FOERSTER has done an important service that long waited to be done: he has analyzed the literary theories of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, and Whitman. His task was no easy one, for, except in Poe's essays, these theories are scattered through a great number of works; and he has extracted, compared, and pieced together these critical *obiter dicta* with no little acumen. All this was worth doing; and Mr. Foerster (within his limitations) has done it well. I trust that no one interested in American literature and criticism will overlook this book, merely because I shall confine the rest of the review chiefly to what lies within the parenthesis.

Mr. Foerster's criticism is at its best in dealing with Poe's blind-spots and with Lowell's virtues. In Poe he treats with considerable tact and sympathy a critic whose limitations were very obvious ones: Poe's scholarship was of the frailest sort, and he bolstered it up with pretentious references to unimportant works and with allusions, of exquisite humor, to a philosopher he called Aries Tottle. For all that, Poe was an original thinker, and when he remained on his own ground a lucid one: Mr. Foerster does not forget that Poe had the central ability as critic to appreciate the unique nature of esthetic experience. Poe held that the end of art was pleasure, not truth or morality: but in his own hands this led to an attempt to exclude truth and morality from the province of his art—which is to say that a good part of life was squeezed out of his esthetic works; and what was left was a thin, febrile world of fantasy. In the act of describing Poe's contributions to literary theory, Mr. Foerster discloses the singular limitations of Poe's philosophy and sensibility.

With Lowell, Mr. Foerster does even better, in fact, a little too well. From the mass of Lowell's work he brings together a broad and consistent critical theory which does violence to no important convention in literature except the realistic one. Mr. Foerster admires the essence he extracts from Lowell: "if we could lay aside our memory of the personality of Lowell and of the weakness of his essays," he explains, ". . . and concentrate our minds solely upon the system of ideas outlined above, we should certainly be drawn to the conclusion that we have here the sanest and most comprehensive conception of literature formed in America prior to the twentieth century." This confession brings out a fundamental weakness in Mr. Foerster's own critical philosophy. His good sense tells him that Lowell is a manikin: but because Lowell's abstract views foreshadow Mr. Irving Babbitt's, he feels that if he could only see this manikin through a magnifying glass, he would actually be a giant.

What is the fallacy in this hope? The fallacy lies in the fact that it is not an abstract creed that in itself makes a man a great critic. There are instructors in Freshman English whose critical philosophy is much more comprehensive and logical than that of Coleridge, Goethe, or Sainte-Beuve; but this is no proof whatever of their critical power. What the great critic does is to gather together the significant forces of his time, in philosophy, in art, in literature, in science, and focus them upon the dominant problems of the spiritual life. The more complete he is, the better he will focus these forces and the more intensely they will burn: but formal completeness is no pledge whatever that he is in living contact with his subject and able to make a contribution to it. Emerson, who had more limitations than Lowell, was a far greater critic: for though Emerson might be captious about Wordsworth's poetry or blind to Dante's vision, his own point of view and thought were fruitful ones. Out of Emerson's vision came two such different personalities as Whitman and Thoreau; whereas the most admiring disciples of Lowell, for all his "completeness," derive nothing but the pattern of a consistent mediocrity.

Mr. Foerster's inclusion of Whitman as one of our great critics is as significant a contribution to the subject as anything he says. Whitman's fame as a poet has overshadowed his work as a critic, although his views are outlined boldly in the Preface to "Leaves of Grass" and in "Democratic Vistas," applied in reviews and comments on his contemporaries, and exemplified in his own poems. Mr. Foerster gives a patient and, on the whole, sympathetic exposition of his philosophy. But in the studies both of Emerson and of Whitman, the subject never quite fits into the frame which Mr. Foerster provides for it. The reason for this is that Mr. Foerster is obsessed with the labels which Mr. Irving Babbitt has used with such ferocious energy: instead of dealing with Whitman's views directly, Mr. Foerster tries to fasten them on something which is really much smaller, namely, the Romantic movement.

Instead of seeing the thing as it is, Mr. Foerster sees primarily the label which he himself has applied to it. He believes, in effect, that the Romantic movement came to an end in America with Whitman, and that the new humanists, Messrs. Brownell, More, Babbitt, and Woodbury, have provided the critical foundations for a sounder literature. One would share Mr. Foerster's views more unreservedly but for two facts: his critical theories lead him to wage war upon all the living forces of the last century, and one suspects that his circle of new humanists contains too many Lowells.

To anyone with a strong sense of what the classics are, the notion of the Romantic movement as an aberration of the mind is one of the funniest that has imposed itself upon the scholarly imagination. The belief owes its origin, it is true, to Goethe, for a purely local and biographic reason: he associated romanticism with the overwhelming psychosis that almost destroyed him during his youth, while classicism came to him with the recovery he made in early maturity when he took on the responsibilities of statesmanship and routine tasks, and found in them a balance wheel for his personality. Except as historical catchwords, classicism and romanticism mean nothing at all: or, if we must keep these terms, they apply equally to every work of art, being opposite poles between which the spirit oscillates in the very act of creation. To make separate philosophies out of chaos and order, freedom and discipline, innovation and tradition, feeling and structure, is to deny their ultimate resolution in art. The picture of classical literature which the new humanists present is the picture of something that exists solely in their own minds: their philosophic method admits only their own set of limitations. Their fear of "expansiveness," their distrust of spiritual audacity, their high regard for correctness, their curious belief in restraint as the ultimate ethical principle—what are these qualities but the petty requirements of their academic environment? The new humanism is not humanism at all: it is the old academicism, although a writer may be claimed by this party and still, like Mr. Paul Elmer More, have many of the virtues of a genuine humanist.

It is a matter for regret that the positive scholarship of

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Mr. Foerster's book should be vitiated by the tedious party war-cries and the empty party labels that still unite the academic battalions which have rallied to Mr. Irving Babbitt. Had Mr. Foerster been able to drop these *clichés* of thought, he might have discovered that Walt Whitman was, in fact, a far better humanist than Mr. Babbitt: Whitman drew his values from an even more comprehensive social heritage, for he included the Romantic that Mr. Babbitt despises, and he had, in addition, a feeling of brotherly respect for the positive, scientific tradition to which Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Foerster pay lip service, without profiting by its discipline. There is no more reason than ever for reading Lowell's essays because Mr. Foerster finds in him the diminutive outlines of a complete literary theory; and there is, on the contrary, good and sufficient reason for going back to Emerson and Poe and Whitman, as well as to Coleridge and Taine, because all these men, despite special aberrations in their metaphysics, or preoccupation with some single aspect of experience, were in living relation to the important issues of their time. A true humanism has a place for that which is not humanistic: it will not reject a partial or eccentric expression because, properly, it seeks wholeness in itself. On the contrary, a valid humanism must be gauged by its ability to absorb and comprehend these errancies. The wholeness of the pseudo-humanists is a wholeness of exclusion. In the act of establishing their human norm, they cut themselves off from many of the important figures of humanity. That is why the genuine humanist criticism of today has been written for the most part by men who will not commit themselves to the solecisms and the narrow acerbities of the "new humanists."

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The American Conflict

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Doubleday Doran and Company. 377 pages. $2.50.

FASHIONS recur in poetry as in other furniture of the world. In the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, when one of the recognized functions of poets was to build a national edifice lofty enough to befit a people that aspired to range itself beside the Roman, history and geography naturally became their material and their inspiration. The modern reader, stumbling upon Daniel's laborious versification of the Wars of the Roses, or Drayton's story of the Barons' Wars, or still more his description of Britain in Polyolbion, will cry out in agony "Can such things be?" and then solace himself with the thought "Never again." But in such a case he will reckon without Mr. Stephen Benét.

Mr. Benét has made the American Civil War the theme of a poem of some 15,000 lines, longer than "Paradise Lost" or "Aurora Leigh." And yet "John Brown's Body" does not appear as anything monstrous or misbegotten. The extension of the boundaries and resources of poetry in a realistic age has made it possible for the writer to treat many aspects of his subject—military, political, social, personal—and to adapt his vehicle to the various requirements of his subject-matter. Thus the Union Camp sends forth letters in a colloquial rhythm:

> We get better food. I'm getting to be a good cook.
> The food's bad. The whole company yelled "Hard
> Bread!" today.
>
> There are only three professed Christians in my whole
> regiment.
> I feel sad about that.

The Southern horse charge to a brisk rocking measure:

> Wainscott Bristol, a raging terrier
> Killing the Yankee that shot Phil Ferrier
> With a cut that spattered the bloody brains
> Over his saddle and bridle reins,
> One Cotter cursing, the other praying,
> And both of them slashing like scythes of slaying,
> Stuart Cazenove singing "Lord Randall"
> And Howard Brooke as white as a candle.

But the question persists: is the history of a war the proper subject for poetry? Mr. Laurence Stallings courageously asserts that he has always liked his narrative best in verse; but most readers certainly read poetry less easily than prose, and to many, a long poem is simply impossible. The justification for dealing in poetry with what has been so often told in prose is to be found in the sense of unity and totality which is imparted to the subject. Mr. Benét secures this unity, not through any underlying conception of the ways of the gods with men, but, less obviously, through the synthesis of material tending to give us the feeling of the time and place. "Every age," says Merejkowski, writing of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," "has its own atmosphere, its own savor, nowhere and never repeated." This atmosphere, this savor arising from the experience of many people, pervades Mr. Benét's narrative and makes it a poem.

The Civil War was the peculiarly intimate experience of the United States; it was essentially our own. Fratricidal it was: therein lay its bitterness, but also a rememberable sweetness. Fortunately no foreign nation forced its way in—the war remained an American war, fought under American conditions, by American citizens, determined in its policy by American social development, and in its strategy by the American landscape, revealing at its best and worst American character. It was a more searching test of a civilization, thus divided against itself, than even a national uprising against a foreign invader. The intimacy of this experience and its truly American quality Mr. Benét, through a vast assemblage of detail, conveys in his poem. We feel the mellow feudal charm of the Wingates, the cavaliers, with their black retainers. We see the stiff, homely family life of the New England Ellyats around their lamp-lighted table with the checkered tablecloth. We are among the mountain whites, the last frontiersmen. We follow the fugitive slave through thickets and swamps. We look at living portraits of the men who have been familiar to us in old steel engravings. Davis, the man with a chin like John C. Calhoun,

> A haggard dictator, fretting the men he rules
> And being fretted by them.

Lincoln,

> . . . six feet one in his stocking feet,
> The lank man, knotty and tough as a hickory rail,
> Whose hands were always too big for white-kid gloves,
> Whose wit was a coonskin sack of dry, tall tales,
> Whose weathered face was homely as a ploughed field—
> Abraham Lincoln, who padded up and down
> The sacred White House in nightshirt and carpet-
> slippers,
> And yet could strike young hero-worshipping Hay

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As dignified past any neat, balanced, fine
Plutarchan sentences carved in a Latin bronze——

Jackson,

. . . the plain
Presbyterian figure in the flat cap,
Throwing his left hand out in the awkward gesture
That caught the bullet out of the air at Bull Run,
Awkward, rugged and dour, the belated Ironside
With the curious, brilliant streak of the cavalier
That made him quote Mercutio in staff instructions,
Love lancet windows, the color of passion-flowers,
Mexican sun and all fierce, taut-looking fine
creatures.

Battles are recalled in the confused memories of men who fought them—Bull Run, Pittsburgh Landing, Gettysburg. Episodes stand out as they took their place in the legend of the day—John Brown's raid with its sinister premonition, the death of Judith Henry, the bedridden woman whose house stood in the path of the storm at Bull Run. And all the time

By Omaha
The valleys and gorges are white with the covered
wagons
Moving out toward the West and the new free
land . . .
Men are founding colleges, finding gold,
Selling bad beef to the army and making fortunes,
Ploughing the stone-cropped field that their fathers
ploughed.

Thus the War between the states. Mr. Benét's poem is an epic in intention, in scope, in sense of racial consciousness. It may not win the medal of the American Academy, but it will be crowned by the Grand Army and the Confederate Veterans, and by those who feel the spell of the past of which they remain the survivors.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Realistic View of Labor

American Labor Dynamics, by J. B. S. Hardman and Associates. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 432 pages. $4.

THIS book is a critique of the American Labor movement since the War. It is written by a group who combine scholarship with close, often inside connections with the things they write about. This of itself makes it unique, for most books of the sort are written by college teachers who have only a documentary knowledge of their subject, or by biased or uncritical leaders and intellectualist hangers-on.

This is a symposium and therefore spotty, but even the spots have the tang of reality. At its best it reaches the fine, even poetic self-analysis of the successful, but by no means the usual, labor leader in the section entitled "Stakes of Leadership."

Too much attention has so far been paid, by those who have written of the labor movement, to constitutions, forms and other more or less irrelevant matters. Hoxie began a more satisfactory approach when he centered his attention on function. Here we have not only function but method, and not theoretical discussion but actual description. In a series of so-called "Hypothetical Cases," the editor has shown us how modern unions have operated to secure their ends. Some of these methods are not quite pretty, some are wise and far-seeing, and all are interesting and true, though not always perhaps the whole truth. For the writer about the activities of "labor" is in somewhat the same position as the newpaper reporter. He either knows too little or too much. If he knows too little of the inside story, he might just as well not write; and if he knows too much, he is not in a position to tell. Mr. Hardman, by being "hypothetical" and not completely loose-tongued, has struck a happy medium.

Forms, functions, method, these are the milestones along which the study of labor is advancing toward reality. But in the last analysis the important thing about any movement so amorphous as this, is leadership. And it is for this reason that the section already referred to is significant. Constitutions are made for men and not men for constitutions. Laws are made to be useful, not necessarily to be used. Functions and methods are chosen and operated by leaders, who, of course, are limited, but far less so than formal studies of the labor movement would suggest. For the formal study, because of its documentary origin, cannot get at flesh, blood and mind.

In the "Stakes of Leadership," the editor has attempted to interpret the mental wanderings of a successful labor leader relieved for the time being of the necessity of continuous attention to the thing in hand, and the analysis might apply to leaders of other than labor groups. Though it has not been our good fortune to meet many labor leaders with imaginations of this sort, searching their youth and its emotions and contrasting them with the glamorless present, yet we feel that such persons should exist, if they don't. The name of the original of the picture is not given, but it is not hard to guess, and there is perhaps more of the author in it than of the original. At any rate, it touches the vital spot—the matter of leadership. In the labor movement this is unquestionably the thing that matters most.

The rest of the book is extremely critical, written largely by disillusioned young men and women, the one incorrigible idealist being the editor himself. It assays the labor movement at this present moment very low. There has been no recovery since the deflation of 1921. Of two pre-war industrial unions in the A. F. of L., the Brewers and the Miners, the one is innocuous and the other about to be destroyed. The A. F. of L. is stultified, and without the building trades, themselves nests of corruption, it could hardly muster enough members to make a gunman's funeral. The International Ladies' Garment Workers—surely the left wing when in charge there might have changed "Ladies'" to something more class-conscious—the International has been wrecked by factional war and its members cannot, like their employers, escape to Wall Street to recoup. The textile industry in the North goes from bad to worse, while the South is left to its own devices. The shoe industry is little better. And there is no unionism in the basic industries—food, steel, power, transportation—except the Brotherhoods, nor in the new industries based on chemistry and engineering technique. All that is left of the high hopes and enthusiasms of the war period are the railroad Brotherhoods, the building and printing trades and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, with a few small closed corporations like the Stationary Engineers and the new organizations in the theater and the movie.

This reviewer would suggest, to lighten the gloom a

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little, that things have been worse. But he cannot expect thus to assuage the unhappiness of these disillusioned and hard-working believers in a labor movement that is a "movement" and not a dry well, or, worse, a cesspool. "Labor Dynamics" should cause someone to think. It should find an audience in the labor movement itself. But the suspicion that it will not is the most discouraging thing about the whole matter. Read or not by those who might benefit by it, no praise is too great for the sincerity, intelligence, effort and courage, to face actuality and to reveal it to others, that is almost everywhere found in this most realistic of volumes on the labor movement today.

N. J. WARE.

Locarno without Illusions

Locarno: A Dispassionate View (Locarno sans Rêves), by Alfred Fabre-Luce. Translated from the French by Constance Vesey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 209 pages. $3.

THE technicalities of European politics are for American readers something remote and academic, like the behavior of captive gorillas or the elliptical excesses of the planets. But to the intelligent citizen, say, of France, the subject is one which touches his very heart and pocket-book. It concerns his son, who may be snatched away to be gassed in the trenches, and his daughter, whose *dot* may evaporate in a depreciated currency. A book about the Next War is, to a Frenchman, as evocative of personal hopes and fears as a book discussing a threatening business depression is to an American.

This book is an admirable example of the type of thinking which has come more and more to dominate French politics since the collapse of the Ruhr invasion. It is an integral part of that extensive literature known to foreigners especially by the works of M. Francis Delaisi and the war-guilt "revisionists."

To the French citizen, two ways, broadly speaking, have been proposed to guarantee that his son shall not be shot and his daughter shall not marry penniless; the first is personified in Clemenceau and Poincaré, the second in Herriot, Caillaux and (so far as the exigencies of practical politics from time to time permit) Briand. They might be summarily described as security by violence, and security by agreement. The first was dramatized to the world by the Ruhr, the second by Locarno.

Not since 1812 has any nation been so powerful—on the map—as was France in 1920. With the best army in the world and millions of potential black troops in reserve across the Mediterranean, France had her group of "client states," Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, dependent on French policy and French money for their very existence, imprisoning or isolating France's broken and impoverished enemies. In the League of Nations, in which France could normally command a majority of votes, she had an instrument for compelling other states, actively or passively, to support her aims, while Great Britain, enmeshed in the treaties, and with the Channel, her historic fortress wall, eliminated by the aeroplane, would be obliged to keep hands off.

The scheme was as logical as it was daring and fair to behold. Only it wouldn't work. That is what M. Fabre-Luce (typical of many other humane and far-sighted Frenchmen) pointed out in "The Limitations of Victory," in 1924. Despite the overwhelming victory of 1918, France remains only a nation of forty million inhabitants in a continent of four hundred million, and a nation whose natural wealth has been depleted by war. Such a nation, to be secure, must have allies, for clients are costly and unreliable. What ally? Germany; with Great Britain as a friendly outsider. With the ancient grudge eliminated and Germany bound to friendship, Italy is neutralized, Russia is obliged to turn her face eastward, and the small nations can be made to behave.

That is the substance of Locarno. It is the purpose of this book to point out to Frenchmen that Locarno is not merely a treaty, but a process, a way of life. Locarno must be lived and created every day. Locarno "without illusions" must be a sincere coöperation between equals, in which benefits received must be earned by benefits granted. France must forget her hatreds, her dreams of continental hegemony, and settle down to being just what she is, in a world that is as it is.

M. Fabre-Luce does not write as a "pan-European" pacifist. He is, in this book, interested simply and solely in the safety and prosperity of France. His essay is closely thought and compactly written. To read it is a wholesome exercise in political realism.

The author takes it for granted, as have all the realist liberals in Europe today and as the diplomats have from the beginning, that the League of Nations is simply a mechanism by which certain strong powers at their convenience work their will on weaker nations. Yet its quality will change as the spirit of European politics changes. "The essential task [of the new realistic French policy] consists in gradually absorbing the private alliances [with France's client states] into the League." This is an integral part of the process which is called Locarno, the way of life under which France is not a master, but a loyal member of the European community.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

Primitive Art

Primitive Art, by Franz Boas. Oslo: Instituttet for Sammenlignende Kulturforskning. £1 7s.

"THIS book," writes Dr. Boas in the preface, "is an attempt to give an analytical description of the fundamental traits of primitive art." We have heard a good deal in recent years of primitive art, but usually the argument has been confined to limited examples of a few races, and these used as a spear against academicism, or as a support for the work of our more progressive men. The value of Dr. Boas' volume is, then, not St. Georgian, but in the fresh thoughts which come naturally in the acquirement of knowledge.

The delight in form for itself, we learn, is the result of the development of a technique. The pleasure of a straight line, unknown in nature, comes through the planing of wood with an adze or knife, or with the chipping of flint. The design of the spiral comes from basketry: circular and elliptical ones from pottery. Inventiveness in the creation of art is the result of technique more than of talent. Among the California Indians the chief industry is basketry, and it is the women, therefore, who are the creative artists. Among those from Puget Sound northwards the conditions are reversed, the men having an artistic sense, the women lacking it. From the above it is concluded that the practice of an art suggests appropriate forms, rather than, as some have thought, beautiful forms

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inspiring its practice. Also, as a corollary, that its esthetic effect is in ratio to its technical perfection.

Primitive art, like ours, is representative as well as formal. And, like ours, it represents symbolically or realistically, or in combination. Also its esthetic effect is usually in proportion to the perfection of the means of presentation, and in a tribe the artist whose work shows the greatest imagination is of the most skillful. And again, in any tribe the finest representations are done in the most highly developed industry—ivory carving among the Eskimos, pottery and basketry among the southern Indians. Moreover, the technique tends to impress itself upon the material—the angular lines of basketry tend to enforce angular outlines, pottery suggests curved ones.

In the chapter on symbolism in primitive art, we learn that many designs which appear to us to be purely formal are, for their makers, representations. But contrary to what many have believed, that these are degenerations of early realistic forms, Dr. Boas proves that they are interpretations read into forms originally abstract. Thus a woven diamond in which the rim was green, the following strands yellow, and the center blue, was interpreted to Dr. Boas by an Indian woman ignorant of its original significance as a lake; the green the shore, the yellow the beach and the shallow water, the blue the deep water.

In the discussion of style, it is apparent that much which distinguishes one style from another is accidental. To a degree it is environmental, the Eskimos developing different utensils from those of the Negroes. But there is nothing to explain why the throwing stick of the Eskimo of Greenland should differ so radically from that of one from Cape Nome. It would seem that both struck upon a mode which was sufficient. Style is somewhat determined technically. Basketry suggests, as has been said, a spiral; cloth-weaving, zigzags. But why are the zigzags of one tribe different from another? Style is an imponderable. It can be explained only by the sum of history, which we cannot, probably, arrive at. Art, granted a degree of technical accomplishment, is also an imponderable. It is the sum of the individual and the universe. But it is interesting to learn of its beginnings.

WALTER GUTMAN.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth

The Woman Who Rode Away, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Eternal Moment, by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A FRESH group of short stories by D. H. Lawrence forms a fresh set of stanzas in his eternal lyric tragedy of sex. The scenes range from South America and Mexico to Sicily, the English mining districts and Strasburg—but the theme is a fixation. There can never be peace and harmony between man and woman. The lovers' ideal of passionate, deathless union is a myth, but one which humanity will never consent to accept as such. Spiritual intercourse is physically impossible, hence the cruelty of sex in even its subtlest, derived manifestations—"infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn," as the prophet of a more sentimental generation put it. The heart of Lawrence's tragedy is that nothing but the impossible will satisfy him. Achievement in other than emotional terms is a futile evasion of humanity's fundamental requirement. A prophet of the exigent unattainable, Lawrence raises the Lamentations of Tantalus, and the insistence of the passionate paradox throughout all his utterance makes his production a cyclic tragedy.

The stories in this volume are admirable variations on the main theme, developed through a wide range of scene and circumstance with facile mastery and characteristic descriptive power. Many convey a potent mystical contagion. "The Last Laugh" reflects his familiar *penchant* for the diabolic, and "The Border Line"—to this reviewer the finest of the lot—constrains the reader to irresistible yet indefinable melancholy. It is well-nigh impossible to consider the situations or personages in these tales in other than abstract terms, since they never make a direct or personal appeal. The characters are symbolical figures expressive of emotional abstractions, and—under whatever Protean forms of thought or circumstance—presenting and re-presenting Tantalus in his eternal doom. *"Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose."* Lawrence's faithful public—his "congregation," as Forster terms them—will continue to find pleasure in the prismatic presentation of his own prophetic dissatisfaction. But to those for whom his descriptive genius is not sufficient in itself, these stories will transmit only the woeful futility of a reed shaken by the wind.

Recalling Forster's characterization of Lawrence in "Aspects of the Novel" as a master in the prophetic school of fiction and in a "bardic quality" of utterance, it is interesting to turn to that sensitive critic's own essay in the line of prophetic fantasy. "The Eternal Moment" is a collection of lively and imaginative tales, all dealing with the preternatural, and tinged with an irony which is sometimes grim, sometimes merely rueful. This writer likewise adopts the prophetic strain, but more delicately and more precisely than his brother seer. Where Lawrence lowers in sultry and oppressive gloom, Forster flashes illuminating fancies across outlandish vistas—slight flickering revelations of disillusionment or pity that betray a philosophic bewilderment equal to Lawrence's own. In successive tales, the teller's irony shifts from the sentimental, as in the title-story, to the mystical—"The Point of It"—or the starkly terrible—"The Machine Stops"—wherein a mechanical civilization is carried to its logical conclusion. "The Siren" is barbaric and weird—"Mr. Andrews" amiably satirical. The deft lightness of Mr. Forster's method in no way weakens the effect of his auguries—nebulous as they are. There is as tragic an implication in the established skepticism of an imaginative idealist as in the passionate paradox of a prophet of Tantalus. Forster's accents are those of unearthly comedy—and to readers accessible to ironic pity the "bardic quality" in his mirth is no less apparent than in the thunderous mutterings of D. H. Lawrence.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Contributors

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY is the author of several books of poetry. A new volume of her poems, entitled "The Buck in the Snow," will soon be published by Harper's. Buck in the Snow," will soon be published by Harper's.

N. J. WARE, an economist and student of labor matters, is a member of the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL was for some years the Roman correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.

WALTER GUTMAN is a student of the history of art.

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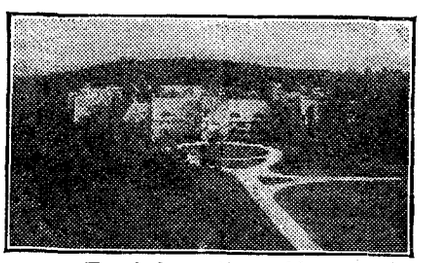

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